

THE RCM MAGAZINE



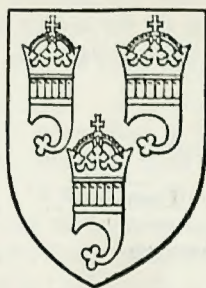
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THE R.C.M MAGAZINE

A JOURNAL FOR PAST AND PRESENT STUDENTS
AND FRIENDS OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC
AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE R.C.M UNION



"The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life"

VOLUME XLIV. No. 1

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THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

VOLUME XLIV

No. 1

EDITORIAL

A REFERENCE to "that happy event exactly five weeks to-day" brought a revealing smile to Princess Elizabeth's face during Sir George Dyson's words of welcome on October 16th, when once again she graciously consented to present prizes and medals for the past year in the concert hall at College. So all Collegians will take great pleasure in reading Dr. McKie's account of the Royal Wedding, not only for its general interest, musical and otherwise, but also for its one particular behind-the-scenes story, which in itself is a charming compliment to our President's ear!

By unhappy chance, this number of the Magazine also tells of the death of one of the wisest and most loved of men ever associated with the R.C.M. Or rather, it tells of his life: Dr. Howells paints an intimate picture of the man against his general background; Dame Dorothy Brock, who is headmistress of Mary Datchelor Girls' School in Camberwell, writes more specifically of his work with the L.C.C., while the little-known poem of the late Poet Laureate, written in 1904, pays tribute in its own terms. Though the gentle voice is now silent, it remains for his friends ever awake. . . .

The name of Nadia Boulanger has probably attracted more composers and would-be composers than any other recent teacher of composition. Hugo Cole, who is just back from Paris, writes of what she has to offer her pupils, and also of what Paris has to offer the music-lover at the present time. And two members of the Boyd Neel Orchestra bring news of music from even farther afield: Australia and New Zealand. Many present students may be interested to hear of the great appetite for music in these two countries, and also of their need of more orchestral players, more chamber music teams, and more teachers.

Grateful acknowledgments are due to "The Times" for permission to reproduce the Royal Wedding photograph, to Mr. William Waterman for his photograph of Sir Percy Buck, to the Oxford University Press for permission to reprint the poem by Robert Bridges, and to all people who have found time to contribute to this number.

DIRECTOR'S ADDRESS

JANUARY, 1948

I AM going to talk to you this morning about economics. First, because we are all citizens as well as musicians, and secondly, because so many people seem to be bewildered by the restrictions and shortages of our days and lose sight of quite elementary facts. I am no expert, but I may be able to give you a text for your own thoughts.

We must never forget, to begin with, that we all live on the land, directly or indirectly. We grow food, we dig for minerals, and our very existence rests on these foundations. Fish, flesh and fowl share the vegetable world with us. There is no other source of life, or of civilization. Bread, fuel, clothing, electricity and grand pianos—all alike are ultimately either grown on the land or dug out of it. If, therefore, we have to support forty millions of people on this island, we must get that support from the land, our own or someone else's.

On this island we grow only about a third of the food we need. That is one of the prime causes of all our present troubles. How do we pay for the other two-thirds? By selling our minerals and our labour. That is the meaning of the export drive. We have coal and iron under the soil. We add our labour to these and make things we can sell abroad for food. No exports, no food. That is the basic fact. If we buy tobacco, for instance, there is so much less margin for anything else.

And this is not all. We could not possibly find work for our people by using our own materials only. We must buy cotton for the Lancashire mills so that they can weave it and thus sell their skill and labour for foreign food and other goods. Apart from the digging of raw coal and iron ore, we have hardly any important industry which does not have to import some of its material. You cannot even make good steel without using other more rare substances which have to be bought abroad. And how do we buy abroad? By selling something in exchange. And what have we to sell? Nothing but the labour and skill of our working people.

But, you may say, why not sell raw coal and iron, if we have them, and buy food directly? The answer is simple. If we send away our coal and iron half our people will be without work, and we cannot then sell our labour. We can give it away by emigration, just as we can add to it by admitting foreign workers. But

workers must have something to work with, and our coal and iron are the only substantial materials we possess.

Then you may well ask, why has this crisis risen now, so quickly and so acutely. What did our grandfathers live on? Again there is a straight answer. A hundred years ago we were first in the field with our coal, iron and technical skill. We made engines, looms, spinning jennies and a thousand other machines for the whole world. We wove and sold thousands of miles of textile fabrics. We bought immense quantities of food and other goods. In fact, we simply could not consume all that we could buy. So we said to our creditors, "Never mind. Don't pay us now. Give us a reasonable interest on the price, and you can owe us the main part of it." At the beginning of the twentieth century we still had immense reserves of this kind, all over the world. We have now spent most of them in two world-wars, and we are back at 1850 again, with this crucial difference: that our competitors now have technical skill equal to ours and far greater natural resources. And we have double the population to support that we had then.

I should enjoy a discussion with you, for there must be many questions you would like to ask. Let me answer one, of which the papers to-day are full. What about basic petrol? The answer to this is that we have to buy every drop of it abroad. How do we pay for it? There is only one way: by exporting manufactured goods. The Board of Trade therefore has to ask: "Will this petrol produce more goods here, over and above what we could manufacture without it?" Exactly the same argument applies to tobacco, films, and a thousand other frills. Production depends, of course, not only on materials. Workers must be kept fit and reasonably content, if they are to do their best. It may be that a man produces more if he can have certain relaxations—a film and a cigarette, for instance. That is where we come in. A symphony concert on Saturday may help men to work better during the week. But our fundamental problem is this industrial production. Everything has to be measured by that, for the country must work and sell in order to live at all.

All this is very crudely put, and it has nothing whatever to do with forms of government. Every government in the world, of every colour, is facing these same problems. We are all now trying to recover from the wastage of war. Our British problem is a special one, but every nation has its own, and the cry everywhere is: "More food, more manufactures." A good government is one which grows more food and produces more goods. Everything else, economically speaking, is secondary.

You may thus understand why there are now so few clarinets, so few pianos to be had. Most of those we can make we must sell for food, wool, cotton, minerals, oil; whatever makes the industrial wheels go round. Why are we short of books, music and paper? Because we have to buy abroad, and pay with what we ourselves can make and sell. We may quarrel about methods, but the facts are plain. Any politician who utters vague words and promises is either deceiving himself or his public or both.

I am sure no Director of this College has ever before tried to give you such a lecture on economics. But the world is all one, and we are quite closely concerned with the world's problems, whether we know it or not. First, because it is our business to understand the trials of those by whose labour we live, and secondly because the welfare of the mass of our people is quite strictly our welfare too. Not till men have satisfied their basic needs can they find the leisure and the energy for the sciences and the arts. We who are spared the rough toil of the world should at least appreciate our privileges. Music is flourishing to-day in England largely because our population is working full time for the world market.

There are some odd proofs of this. There are this year more candidates for the Associated Board's examinations, which are partly our examinations, than ever before in the Board's history. There are more music-pupils than teachers can cope with. Concerts and theatres are crowded. Why? Because the working population is tolerably well off, and these same economic restrictions which make purchasable goods so few, leave men a larger margin of income to spend on their own leisure and on the education and recreation of their families. Our pupils and audiences go up and down strictly in tune with the general levels of wages and employment. We thus have a very direct stake in our country's economic welfare. It behoves us all, therefore, to make our own material demands as modest as possible, to appreciate our good fortune as artists, and when we are asked to play, to play well, for our supper.

That is the end of to-day's sermon. I want now only to add that last Wednesday I completed ten years as Director of this large musical family. Its members are usually charming, occasionally temperamental, always gifted. On the whole I think we agree tolerably well. But what a ten years it has been! Two years of foreboding, six years of war, and two years more of what I suppose we must call peace. Through it all there run two unbroken threads. The cool grit and patience of the staff and the irrepressible vitality and talents of the students. Grim as the bad times were, they had their compensations. I once said to two girl students, in the worst days of the "blitz": "You have a safe country home, why don't you go and live there?" "Oh, no," they said, "we couldn't bear to be out of all this." That is not a bad philosophy of life, now as well as then.

A Happy New Year to you all.

THE ROYAL WEDDING

By DR. WILLIAM MCKIE

I SHALL not attempt a "colourful" description of the Wedding, in emulation of the newshawks of the world press, who did their job thoroughly and well. They saw and wrote about the event from widely different points of view, and with an astonishing variety of styles. It's easy to poke fun at their purple patches and "human interest" stories; but, after all, the Wedding was 1947's World Event Number One (in France, at a time of acute national crisis, the "Paris Presse" thought it worth while to devote the whole of its issue of November 20th to the Wedding; in Las Vegas, Nevada, U.S.A., seventy-two brides-to-be applied to one church only to be married on the same day as Princess Elizabeth).

Listeners-in probably had a better idea of the service as a whole than most people actually in the Abbey—but only those of us present in the church had the full greatness of the experience. Austerity or no, there was still plenty of pomp and pageantry. The uniforms of the Gentlemen-at-Arms and the Yeomen of the Guard, and the vestments of the clergy and officials alone, made a superb setting for any great ceremony. Yet, in contrast to this, there was a curious and pleasant feeling of being in a great family party—you could have believed that you were in any country parish church, except that everything was on a larger scale; there were the great, and the not-so-great, and plain nobodies, sitting or kneeling side by side, even standing on their chairs side by side to get a better view of the bride. But both listeners-in and Abbey congregation could feel one very important thing—that what they were taking part in was not a Court function, or even a national occasion, but a service, and a simple service too. As the Archbishop of York said in his address: "the service . . . is in all essentials the same as it would be for any cottager who might be married this afternoon in some small country church in a remote village in the Dales." One could not wish more for any bride.

The music was appropriately simple. As soon as the date of the Wedding was announced, the Precentor and I were instructed to submit proposals for the music, based on the arrangements for the last Royal Wedding in the Abbey (that of the Duke of Kent). I have every reason to believe that Princess Elizabeth dealt with this matter herself, and that the music performed was exactly what she wanted. The only departure from tradition was the introduction of some remarkably effective fanfares, composed by Sir Arnold Bax, and played by trumpeters from Kneller Hall under Captain Roberts; they were used to announce the entry and the departure of the bride. The only change made subsequently was the addition of a descant to the tune "Crimond," sung to "The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want." As there seem to be several current versions of how this descant came to be used, it may be of interest to say that on the evening of Sunday, November 16th, the Precentor received a telephone message from Buckingham Palace that Princess Elizabeth wished a descant to be used with "Crimond." and he and I were asked to go up to the Palace immediately.

There was no copy available—indeed, no-one had even seen a copy of it, or knew who had composed it ; so Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret sang the descant together, and I took it down on a piece of manuscript paper which the Precentor had thoughtfully crammed into his coat pocket as we started out. The ten senior Abbey choristers made their own manuscript copies from my version, and sang from these at the Wedding. I did not discover who had written the descant until the day after the Wedding, when I had a letter and a printed copy from the composer, who turned out to be Dr. Baird Ross, organist of the Church of the Holy Rude, Stirling. The manuscript and printed copies tallied exactly, except that one had a particular minim dotted, the other had not.

It was decided that the choir should sit in the organ loft instead of in their usual places in the stalls, and this gave room to augment the Abbey choir. There were 91 singers altogether, made up of:—

- (i) the Abbey Choir, and all the available junior boys from the Choir School ;
- (ii) the Gentlemen and Children of H.M. Chapels Royal ;
- (iii) six choristers of St. George's Chapel, Windsor ;
- (iv) a few additional tenors and basses, to balance the large number of boys.

Dr. Peasgood played the organ before and after the actual service, and also played for the first hymn and the National Anthem. Dr. Harris played for the two anthems. Mr. Stanley Roper helped with advice (which was *always* right) and by preparing the Chapel Royal choir, but asked to be free of any part in the service itself.

The seating of the choir in the organ loft raised a good many difficulties, chief of which was that, at the end of the service, the entire choir of 91 had to be decanted on to the floor of the Abbey and formed up in two columns within a space of three minutes. This movement had to take place in absolute silence, as there was a live microphone immediately over the top of the staircase from the organ loft to ground level. This staircase is steep and narrow (single file only), with an awkward turn in it ; and it's surprisingly hard to get down a steep staircase safely and quickly if you're wearing a cassock and surplice. However, the movement took place safely and in good time, and none of the other calamities that might have happened did happen : none of the singers were prevented from getting to the Abbey by the traffic restrictions, none of the choristers were sick, the organ did not cipher, the blowing motor never faltered. Dr. Peasgood was the only person to cause any anxiety ; he was taken ill on the morning of the Wedding, and arrived at the Abbey about 10.30 looking literally green. He had to be doped with most kinds of drug, and fortified with lashings of the Precentor's brandy, before he could even get up to the organ loft. He then played quite superbly (great stuff this brandy).

After it was all over, Dr. and Mrs. Harris came back to lunch with me. We suddenly felt very tired, and our evening dress looked very unnatural and felt very uncomfortable. Conversation flagged ; perhaps we all went to sleep. . . . I hope so, for I am pretty sure that I did, and woke up to hear Mrs. Harris saying, " We ought to be going. . . ." But it had been a Great Day.





PERCY CARTER BUCK

1871-1947

HE was one of the few who would have blushed to read their own obituaries, and for any man having to write about him he would have felt a gentle compassion. He was as free from self-consciousness as anyone could hope to be ; so that to record his achievements, or to call them by that name, would seem almost an impropriety. He would have said (and meant it) that none stood to his credit. To call his progress through life his "career" would be no more felicitous, so remote was he from the mentality of a careerist.

But there can be no harm in recalling the mere facts of his part in the profession his father had scornfully declared to be non-existent. The facts are simple, unexciting. West Ham was ordinary enough a birthplace ; Merchant Taylors a good enough school. Oxford University had a normality not far short of that of the R.C.M. Bristol Cathedral (following upon Wells) was a little less ordinary. There was a War of Succession in progress, and, anyhow, Deans and Chapters do not habitually appoint organists scarcely out of their teens. (Henry Purcell and Henry Ley are but honourable exceptions in the long ecclesiastical reluctance to trust youth.) Wells Cathedral was no dynamo-house. Nor was Harrow—though it could translate a man from a wholly sacred to a partly secular environment. The Chair of Music in Dublin was brilliant only by its association with Trinity College, wherein might be heard and shared some of the finest conversation in the world. A similar Chair in the English capital had no equal adornment, and was anyhow lost in the anonymity that is London. The control of L.C.C. musical policy was a vital thing at the time of his taking it, but its rewards lay somewhere in a vague land of promise.

West Ham, the City of London, Oxford, Wells, Bristol, Harrow, Dublin, London again . . . and Prince Consort Road. These would have been enough to plot the progress of a careerist. They can serve in a book of reference. "Grove" itself is more or less content with their recital, and does but add a list of book-titles and rarely-heard compositions. There can be added a few scattered academic distinctions, Fellowships, honorary degrees. And there was Knighthood—richly earned, gracefully accepted, but (in association with such as he was) rather unreal and remote.

Of West Ham he spoke one day as he and I gazed at Table Mountain from the deck of a liner: "It was only West Ham, and it couldn't quite make me a born Cockney. I've often wished it could." An odd sentiment at the moment of gazing upon one of the fairest prospects on earth. Odd, except to those who knew his gift of translated humour. Years later one could ask, "How came West Ham to be scratched across the face of Table Mountain?" And the answer: "Do you remember how Blake said he found Ezekiel, singing, in the fields of Peckham Rye?" It was the kind of glancing response that he—a master of direct

statement—sometimes delighted in. And the drift of it seemed to hint that West Ham was more than a name to P. C. B., and might itself breed a visionary.

Merchant Taylors was more than a school. It was the apotheosis of Rugger; and a real part of his history is stamped into the turf of football grounds up and down these islands. Men who played against him speak of the demonic energy of this man whose life, to a superficial view, seemed an unbroken quietude. In later years that quiet-seeming heart of his would go out to players of a like energy; so much so, that he would have put Tom Voyce, W. W. Wakefield and Ireland's Beamish brothers straight into a hierarchy of saints that included Bach and Shakespeare. To this man of balanced interests Twickenham remained a happy hunting ground. Only there did one hear him shout under stress of an enthusiasm to which (according to one school of opinion) he was alleged to be a stranger. At Gloucester, after an hour spent in the Cathedral, he said, "Let's go and look at its other glory." And from the Norman pillars we went to the wooden walls of Kingholm, the Rugger ground, to peer through the chinks at a field that somehow shared history with Senlac and Waterloo. . . . In this wise Merchant Taylors played its part in the balance that was Buck.

Wells and Bristol can be linked. Together they threatened to make a cathedral organist of one whose mind needed—and was soon to find—a freer, more congenial sphere. To have restrained him within ecclesiastical bounds would have been to create an active rebel. Yet, opposed as he was to almost everything about him in such a setting, it was to him one could best go for a just estimate of church music. He knew how to strip one of ill-considered enthusiasm about it, and would, if need be, divorce it from ecclesiastical associations, the better to set it beside a Beethoven string quartet or a Mozart concerto in its own right as essential music.

That was *his* enthusiasm—a cool, well-tempered pleasure. Of spell-bound, ecstatic admiration for performances by international celebrities he had nothing. The disordered devotion of the musical coterie earned his silent contempt. A preference, or even a faith, shouted from the housetops was, for him, an idiocy. His reticence invited from some quarters the criticism that in him the musical approach was over-intellectualized, that a brain was denying a heart. To that charge there is no short answer. Yet an answer there is. Rugger and the Wells-and-Bristol episodes would colour its terms. There is no space for it here.

Oxford had a rare and special place in his affections. He went there with physique and inclination for the less polite forms of outdoor sport, as well as with personal and temperamental qualifications for social success. The playing fields and the common rooms attracted but did not absorb him. He was at Worcester College. It offered him two distinguished gifts: an exquisite garden (the antithesis of the Parks) and a tutor and lecturer whose physical eye could not have followed the flight of a ball, but whose



SIR PERCY BUCK

imaginative vision took in a whole world of the humanities. The tutor was W. H. Hadow—"the only man" (Buck would tell you) "who ever lectured on one and the same day in the University on 'The Tragedies of Æschylus' and on 'Why milk, looked at in bulk, is blue.' " The garden was the symbol of a detached, contemplative attitude so characteristic of Buck. The tutor was the ideal not only of a kindly, gentle scholarship, but of a highly disciplined knowledge. That discipline and gentleness marked both master and pupil in such degree as to make one forget the old asperities of scholarship. Buck, wholly tolerant, would often—unshocked, even amused—look back at the bitterness of the learned. Turning, once, from a much-publicized wrangle of two eminent scientists, he commented: "They're mere beginners in the art of scurrility!", adding: "Have you read the diatribes of Milton and Salmasius? Billingsgate would blush for them!"

Buck's mind was rich enough to excite envy, his intellectual grasp wide enough to make him remarkable among the general company of musicians, his secure scholarship more than sufficient to save him from the dubious distinction of being (among men of his chosen profession) a "fine psychologist," an "able classic," or a "gifted mathematician." But nothing could make him regard himself as a specialist in music. He welcomed breadth of sympathy as much as depth of knowledge, and in the end valued the first more than the second. Like the fifteenth century Valla, he felt that the quest for truth was a normal and natural occupation; but (again like Valla) he would not have gone to the stake for it—lest the limelight might have scorched him.

The rarer of his students in the R.C.M. and elsewhere must have noted an endearing twofold quality in his learning—that it seemed instinctive, and that it was linked to a sense of beauty. A whole generation of College students who tried to fit themselves out as teachers ought to salute gratefully an Education Act (Dr. H. A. L. Fisher's of 1919). It gave them not only the "Burnham Scale," but the opportunity (in the R.C.M.) to sit at P. C. B.'s feet. The Act enjoined psychology. He lectured upon it. The dullards saw it all in terms of stepping-stones to "the scale." The finer spirits learned from him how to see facts "sub specie aeternitatis."

He himself saw things in that relationship. One wonders whether in Harrow—with its typical energies and conventions of a Public School—he found many looking at things in that way. But one can be sure of his general happiness there; sure, also, that the life of the musical side of the school flowed evenly under his command. His essential gift to Harrow was his own finely poised character. Harrovians of his day will tell you more of his companionship than of his conducting. They will speak of his easy-going nature, his humour, his patience under vilest provocation of keyboard or vocal incompetence. They will not say they rushed to his orchestral rehearsals, or found his singing class a major thrill. But tea with him at Steep Hill, a chance walk down to the Music School, a problem to be discussed, a 'Varsity Rugby match to be

passed in review—these were treasure for a whole army of young men. To the seriously musical he gave far more: critical attention, astute guidance, a lasting sense of values in their specialized work. When, in later years, Dr. R. O. Morris had written "Contrapuntal Technique," he added the dedication: "To Percy Carter Buck, in acknowledgement of a debt long outstanding." Buck rated the reward as greater than the service; but it gave him rich pleasure.

Away from Harrow—intermittently, then permanently—he went on his humanizing way. Into the arid sphere of academic examinations he brought signs of life. He even proved that flexibility and natural musicianship need not be punishable offences. He backed that claim in his text-book, "Unfigured Harmony"—yet not wholly successfully, for the academic aspirants, pouncing on it for assistance, found themselves blunted by its very qualities. The book invited a new order of students, a change of heart and a fresher spirit. The same demand for musicianship was in the Organ Tutor. He addressed a wider audience and touched a more philosophical side of music in the collected "Cramb" lectures (published as "The Scope of Music"). These he declared to be commonplace restatements of common knowledge. They are more. They contain the articles of his musical faith. And they have the definition, clarity of statement, and grace of style that distinguish the later "Psychology for Musicians." The recently re-issued "History of Music" is history without tears—and without dates: an offering to Everyman without hint of condescension.

Buck the author over-tops Buck the composer. Modesty and self-criticism cut short the list of his compositions. Certain smaller works of great beauty escaped his clutches. One such ("The Blackbird's Song") is a model of what an accompanied three-part song for women's voices should be. It is "simplicity with distinction"—his phrase for Stanford's works in the same kind. But in his own case, composing seemed to demand an apology. Here is one, in his own words: "I'm glad X reacted to the 'Blackbird'—he naturally would, as it is rather a lovely, wistful poem. But he's quite wise enough to know that any decently taught harmony student ought to be able to string together those few tonic and dominant chords. If Providence had intended me to be a composer he (or she) would have made me want to be always doing it; but it has always been rather a nuisance when anything has driven me that way. I often wonder what, if any, occupation I should have found most congenial. Looking in at Rugger matches, I think; a sort of daily reporter, with Oxford winning every time."

These were his words in a late letter. What are they? A cherished paradox? Or are they the truth, and a part of his realism?

He *was* a realist—yet retained his kindness, his humour, his gentleness. He had no illusions, but it would be wrong to write of his disillusionment. He was wise enough to recognize facts; too wise to dwell upon them. He had, on occasion, a tantalizing

reserve, but was free from any hint of pose or enigma. He was paradoxical when it suited his humour. Irony he approved as long as it could go with a smile. He found everywhere—all the way from West Ham to South Kensington—that no set of circumstances ever merited the wastage (or the compliment) of anger. Some have complained that he never raised his voice in excitement or enthusiasm. They might have added (in his praise) “nor in anger, or censure, or intolerance.”

We all know the measure of his work in the R.C.M., and value it fitly enough to see it for what it was—a part of those larger educational tasks he accepted in Universities, Schools and Colleges here and elsewhere.

In each of us there will be a memorial of him: of the man some of us knew as a friend and colleague; of the author of books that have the quality of companions; of the lecturer who could make light of learning, and child's play of the art of exposition; of a voice that was one of the few blessedly quiet sounds in our midst. And of the look of him: for surely the portrait that Orpen might have painted would have been a first grace upon our walls.

HERBERT HOWELLS.

SIR PERCY'S friendship was one of the most lovely things my work in Camberwell ever brought me. No Head Mistress, planning new ventures in music, could have found a more understanding and encouraging collaborator. I remember many talks which he and I and Miss Donington had as we sat round my fire—usually drinking coffee, for we had a standing arrangement that he should arrive on the doorstep just at eleven o'clock for his three cups. And as we talked and listened (he was the most courteous and open-minded listener, always ready to give weight to a point of view with which he did not agree), difficulties would be smoothed out, and new possibilities become clear. His attitude towards regulations reminded me of the advice of an H.M.I.: “There are always loopholes. Administer the loopholes.” His quiet wisdom cut through red tape, and officials and even Finance Committees found themselves aiding and abetting his plans. For everyone knew that for him what mattered was the children—that boys and girls should have the chance of developing their gifts.

He never used educational jargon; I don't remember him ever talking about “equality of educational opportunity” or “parity of esteem.” But he would arrive one morning to tell me about Mary, a promising young fiddler whom he had discovered playing the Bach Double Concerto in an elementary school in a poor district. Could I take her and give her a chance of secondary education? Or he had discovered Joan, who had a lovely voice, a delicate mother, no money and very little educational background. I remember especially his excitement over Kathleen, a brilliant young pianist, who was too young for transfer to a

secondary school, according to the regulations, but who really ought to come into our Junior School at once ; as, of course, she did, so that, by the time the authorities realised her existence and her age, she was a full-fledged Datchelor girl, whom no-one had the heart to uproot.

Mary and Kathleen and Joan and the rest had usually not learnt all the right subjects, and it was not always easy to fit them in. But neither he nor I nor my staff talked about "the problems of transfer." We just took them and tried to help them to bridge the gaps ; and many of them went on later to the College or to Training Colleges and a few to concert work, and all of them enriched the school with their music and were themselves richer for what it had to give.

Sir Percy inspired trust in us all—administrators, heads, teachers, parents and children. I often admired his sure touch and his expert handling of difficult, or diffident, people. By his fairness and his friendliness, his charm and courtesy, his humility and his fun, he created a happy natural atmosphere, free from strain, in which staff and girls alike forgot that he was an examiner, or an inspector, or an educational adviser, and were at their ease. That quality of imagination, which gives to his songs an unfailing appeal, which was shown in his lectures and runs through his book "Psychology for Musicians" (a book on which all musicians and teachers ought to be brought up), enabled him to get inside the mind of a child or a teacher and to establish a friendly contact in which criticism could be given and taken and hard things said without leaving a sense of failure or resentment.

It always did us good to see him. One of my last memories of him is of a lecture he gave to teachers in the South Wales town to which we were evacuated during the war. There, in difficult days, in a strange land, two hundred miles from home, where few of our London friends came to visit us, he brought a breath of home as he talked to us, not of technical points but of the big things, with a simplicity and a clarity to which only the great attain. He had not known that some of us would be there, and I shall always remember how his face lit up when he saw the Datchelor contingent. He captured his audience, of course, from the start by a reference to Rugby football, in which he had had as distinguished a career as in music.

By his clear thought and lucid expression he shared with us his wisdom, never imposing his judgment on ours, but by his own integrity and singlemindedness challenging our biassed or unfinished thinking. "From one who loves wisdom," he wrote once in a copy of his last book, and he was in truth a philosopher in the Greek sense of that word. But the word which describes him best for me is the Greek word *Χάρις*—charm or grace. There was about him an elusive, gracious quality, and when grace is combined with selflessness and integrity and wisdom, the result is rare and unforgettable. No words in cold print can convey that quality to those who did not know him. His friends and pupils, his colleagues and his students at the College know it all so well ; but in

some ways I think his work in the schools of London was the greatest thing he ever did. Its results are not easily assessed. That is true of all sides of education. But many boys and girls and many teachers owe to him a debt which cannot be measured and cherish a memory of him which makes them rich.

M. DOROTHY BROCK.

TO PERCY BUCK

Folk alien to the Muse have hemm'd us round
 And fiends have suck'd our blood ; our best delight
 Is poison'd, and the year's infective blight
 Hath made almost a silence of sweet sound.
 But you, what fortune, Percy, have you found
 At Harrow? Doth fair hope your toil requite?
 Doth beauty win her praise and truth her right,
 Or hath the good seed fal'n on stony ground?
 Ply the art ever nobly, single-soul'd
 Like Brahms, or as you ruled in Wells erewhile,
 —Nor yet the memory of that zeal is cold—
 Where lately I, who love the purer style,
 Enter'd, and felt your spirit as of old
 Beside me, listening in the chancel-aisle.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

PARIS, 1947

By HUGO COLE

FROM May to November of last year I was living in Paris, studying with Nadia Boulanger. I am going to try to write, first about Mlle. Boulanger's methods of teaching, and then about musical conditions in Paris.

Mlle. Boulanger believes that every composer, whatever idiom he adopts, should have a good knowledge of classical harmony and counterpoint. In my case, she persuaded me to take harmonic analysis seriously, and put me through a course of adding basses to first violin parts, upper parts to cello parts, and outer parts to viola parts, and then comparing the results with the originals. I chose my own models, which ranged from Haydn to Hindemith ; it is surprising to find how many things one cannot do in the Hindemithian idiom. I had always thought of harmonic analysis as a process one studied simply for the benefit of musical examiners, and had managed to avoid it. Mlle. Boulanger insists, however, on the importance of knowing exactly what one's harmonic vocabulary consists of, and what its limitations and possibilities are. She compares the study of the mechanism of modulation to a sculptor's study of the articulation of the joints ; a mechanism that must be understood in detail before one can represent free movement. Counterpoint is judged, not by Mus.Bac. standards, but on purely musical grounds. Will each of the parts of a fugue

stand the test of being played through by itself? Does the combination of parts result in the best possible spacing of the harmony? Does the increase and decrease of harmonic tension in a fugue correspond with the dramatic development of the material? Like Dr. Morris, Mlle. Boulanger prefers fugues to be written for specific instruments or voices, and encourages one to write straight rather than trick fugues. She says that she becomes increasingly convinced of the importance of the first chapter of the harmony books—that is, the general fundamental rules dealing with conjunct and disjunct movement, movement of outer parts in approaching a cadence, etc.

She has an encyclopaedic memory. If, in a composition, you fail to solve a problem, or fail to see of what the problem consists, she will infallibly be able to quote a parallel passage in which a similar problem has been successfully solved: most often from Bach or Beethoven, but also at times from Dunstable, Buxtehude, Rameau, Weber, Stravinsky, or indeed any composer, except perhaps Brahms, Strauss, or Schönberg. Together with this, she has an insight into the mental processes of composition that enables her often to keep a move ahead of the game. At a lesson, she will produce the score of some work, play it through, and discuss its structure; and later you will realise that it was that particular work which you needed at that moment, as a signpost to give you a direction as to the way you should go next.

An important thing for a composer is, I suppose, the need for discouragement. It is far too easy to write music, and few writers know by instinct what they can and can't do well. I fairly often thought, when I was at the R.C.M., that I would have liked my teachers to be less kind-hearted. Mlle. Boulanger is quite ruthless in exposing what she considers to be one's weaknesses. She is particularly hard on aimless bass-lines and harmonic shifts that start off but arrive nowhere. She requires music to make its points clearly. Of Stravinsky or Poulenc she says: "You may like or dislike their music; but at least there is no mistake about what they mean to do." She says that she minds less whether music is ugly or beautiful than whether it holds the attention. On details of scoring, disposition of chords, etc., I have often been surprised by her advice. After thinking it over, however, I have usually seen the point, and taken it. On one occasion I showed her a movement beginning with a unison for cellos and first bassoon. She suggested the picking out of certain notes with the double basses. I thought that this would sound rather fussy, and was going to quote, in defence of my view, the opening of Elgar's *Falstaff*. Unfortunately I found, on looking at the score, that Elgar had done exactly what she had suggested to me.

I am naturally rather a lazy composer: I would always rather write a new work than revise an old one. Mlle. Boulanger constantly urged me to experiment with my ideas. One suggestion was to take the beginning of a short piano invention and see in how many ways I could go on with it. She quoted Valerie, who said that the first verse of a poem is "given" but the rest has to

be worked for. She nevertheless believes that there is one right way for every idea to be presented: you may hit on it the first time, or the tenth time, or you may never hit on it at all, but it is only by constant experiment that you can realise the possibilities of your material. She has said to me that she would like her pupils to be good craftsmen, who, if they are asked to write a symphony, will be able to do it with the minimum amount of fuss. The only thing you can learn, she says, is not to write "great" or less great music, but to make things work—to do the best you can with whatever original ideas God pleases to give you. She says of Brahms, a composer with whose music she is not much in sympathy, that he was a wonderful musician who was always a little too much preoccupied with the question of "greatness," instead of being contented to be himself.

I have not, I am afraid, given a very clear picture of any "method of teaching." The difficulty is, that you never know quite what is going to happen at a lesson with Mlle. Boulanger. Sometimes she will pin-point one particular harmonic articulation in your work, and spend the whole time on it. Occasionally a lesson will turn into a discussion of some subject not remotely connected with music. All musical points that come up will be illustrated not only by examples from many musical sources, but also by analogies that may be drawn from any subject under the sun—Rubens' drawings, cookery, the works of Kafka, or the importance of swimming pools to American millionaires. Of a very dull fugue in the Hindemithian idiom that I had written and confessed to having no interest in, she said: "It's your child now; what are you going to do with it?" I thought it not a very logical analogy, but ever since I have been uneasily wondering if I can't make anything out of that fugue, so the analogy served its purpose.

A criticism I have heard of Mlle. Boulanger's teaching is that many of her pupils have turned out to be elegant triflers, and few of them have written well on a large scale. I think that this criticism is founded on insufficient evidence. Elegant trifles have a way of being played when serious works are ignored. Markevitch and Prêger in France, Roy Harris and Aaron Copland in America, are all composers of serious intentions who write works in big forms. I think there are certain veins with which Mlle. Boulanger would not be in sympathy. I do not believe Delius would appeal to her, and I must admit I have never dared to ask her opinion of Elgar. She says herself that she feels she does not appreciate Handel as much as he deserves; probably all great teachers have their blind spots, the correlatives of enthusiasms in other directions. Tovey disliked nearly all the music of Ravel, and Dr. Morris, I think, admits to a blind spot for Schubert and the last two movements of the Beethoven violin concerto.

* * * *

There is plenty to be heard in Paris, but disappointingly little that is new or unusual. Every week-end during the season there are four or five orchestral concerts, and there is the usual never-ending flow of pianists giving Chopin recitals. Orchestral pro-

grammes are depressingly like those we get in London, the main difference being that one gets rather less Sibelius and Dvorák and rather more Liszt and Saint-Saëns. Brahms is now rather fashionable in Paris. Orchestras suffer, as in England, from being over-worked and under-rehearsed; the Conservatoire orchestra is, however, a wonderful instrument, with a strong character of its own. The wood-wind playing in all the big orchestras is extremely distinguished; the dry tone of the French bassoons has more character than the round, oily sound produced by the Heckels we use, though the clarinets I often find too astringent. The horn playing is very certain, and the vibrato used in solo passages not unpleasant when you get used to it (but French oboists use no vibrato). Horn players still use narrow bore instruments, usually with rotary valve-action. The trumpets have a sort of feverish intensity in loud passages that is one of the most exciting sounds I know. To hear Ravel's "*Daphnis et Chloé*" in the lighter, brighter tone colours in which it was conceived is like seeing one of the cleaned pictures at the National Gallery; the work seems to be twice as much alive, though the gain in brilliance is disconcerting until one is used to it. On the other hand, Brahms's thirds and sixths are apt to sound acrid and top-heavy on French wood-wind and horns, and here I found myself wishing for the rounder tone of English players.

It costs less in Paris to go to the opera than to have a bath. Opera is subsidized, but public bath-houses are not. The French go to the opera en famille, and children of six are to be seen sitting through "*Lohengrin*" and "*Otello*." French audiences will hiss incompetent singers, and in the new production of "*Pelléas*" the hideous new sets were met with cries of "To the dustbin." There is a big supply of competent and intelligent singers available; at a special performance of "*Carmen*" a different Carmen sang in each of the four acts. French singers have, however, some of the failings of singers in other lands. I saw four different Dukes in "*Rigoletto*," and every one of them bawled his last (lontano) B natural fortissimo. The National Opera performs most of the big international operas, including "*Don Giovanni*," "*Fidelio*," "*Aida*," "*Lucia*," "*Boris*," and the "*Dutchman*," as well as rarities such as Dukas's "*Ariane et Barbe-Bleu*" and the original version of "*Coq D'Or*." The Opera Comique does smaller-scale works—"Figaro," the "*Barber*," "*Traviata*," "*Tosca*," and the lighter French operas.

French audiences have great stamina. At one concert last Spring all six Brandenburgs were played; "*Bohème*" is preceded or followed by a one-act opera or ballet; to see Ravel's delightful "*L'Heure Espagnole*" one has to sit through three acts of Laparra's "*Habanera*." The first performance of the new Poulenc operabouffe, "*Les Mamelles de Tyresias*," came after Massenet's "*Werther*"; we may yet see the "*Rape of Lucretia*" preceded by the "*Bohemian Girl*." This Poulenc opera is a setting of a surrealist libretto by Guillaume Apollinaire, and is full of surprises: two of the characters always appear on scooters, there is a scene in a crèche for the artificial production of babies, and at one point

the chorus throw balloons at the audience. It is exciting to see museum-pieces like "Les Pêcheurs de Perles" and "Lakmé" ably and conscientiously performed. Of the better known operas, "Carmen" is played in the original version with spoken dialogue, and gains immensely in dramatic strength thereby; but "Figaro" is distorted by the reinsertion of large slabs of Beaumarchais into the Da Ponte libretto. I was surprised to find that "Mignon" is a serious and beautiful piece of work, and often really moving.

Lastly, a word about English music in Paris. The visit of the B.B.C. Orchestra was well received, and, lately, the Bliss Quartet has played there; but no English works have yet found their way into the repertoire. I heard exactly two English works during six months in Paris. The first was at a restaurant in Montmartre, where the singer, as a compliment to a friend of mine and myself, sang "Arbres." For the benefit of those who do not know it, this is a popular ballad ("Trees" in English) of the sort you expect to hear sandwiched between the selection from the Student Prince and Finck's "In the Shadows." The other work was "Colonel Bogey," played by a military band on the Champs Elysées. Both, I am glad to report, were received with the greatest enthusiasm.

THE BOYD NEEL ORCHESTRA'S TOUR OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

By PAUL WARD AND MOLLY PANTER

THE great adventure started, for four of us, in an even more exciting way than we had imagined possible; we had volunteered to go on ahead to Ireland and there await the rest of the orchestra, who would follow the next day in a Dakota, as it could not take all of us with instruments and baggage. We alighted from our plane at Shannon at 1.30 a.m. on the morning of March 30th, 1947, to be met by an Aer Lingus official who asked if we would "mind" going straight on to New York as they had a T.W.A. plane there, hours overdue. Our excitement was tremendous and, after consuming two eggs and bacon to celebrate our release from austerity living, we left a note for the orchestra saying that we had gone on ahead, and departed at 2.30 a.m. We found that there were only three other passengers in the forty-two seater Constellation "Star of Dublin" (carrying valuable freight), which was luxurious, with plenty of room to sleep in comfort and very personal service from the air-hostess.

One of the most wonderful experiences of the whole tour was the sun-rise over the Atlantic, watching the cotton-wool clouds below us at first tinged with rosy hues and then with a wonderful golden light—it might have been the dawning of a new world.

After touching down at Gander, Newfoundland, for breakfast (we landed on crisp, white snow), we flew on to New York, arriving at 2.30 p.m., having had dinner at Airways Terminal, Vic-

toria, the evening before! We had an exciting time in New York, sight-seeing and shopping, before we were joined by the rest of the orchestra early on Tuesday morning. New York is most impressive seen from the top of the Empire State Building, but down in the streets we felt rather shut in and that there were too many petrol fumes for healthy living.

We left for San Francisco on Tuesday night, landing at Chicago and Kansas City, at midnight and in the early hours of the morning, for refuelling; then flying over the Rockies at sun-rise. The Grand Canyon looked most impressive, even from a height of 20,000 feet. After touching down at Los Angeles for about half an hour (without seeing any film stars!) we arrived at San Francisco, romantic city of the Wild West.

Here we spent two days, shopping and wandering round. Our two main memories are the Golden Gate Bridge, spanning the entrance into the bay from the Pacific, and the view of the city, bay, bridges and distant mountains from the top of the Mark Hopkins Hotel on Nob Hill—equally magnificent by day and night, for there is no apparent electricity shortage in the U.S.A.

Once more we boarded our plane, this time an A.N.A. Sky-master, and next morning we reached Honolulu in a slight but cooling tropical drizzle. After visiting the shops and admiring the colourful native girls (with their American accents), we spent the afternoon on Waikiki beach. It was crowded, and we looked very white amidst so much sun-tan, but the drizzle had stopped and the sea was warm and wonderful. Next day Easter Day, all the girls came down to breakfast resplendent in the "leis" or floral garlands which Fred Grinke had been out early to buy for them. Several of us drove over to visit the Nuuanu Pali, a high wind-swept pass over the mountain range which forms the backbone of Oahu island, and later to Pearl Harbour. About the only sign we could see of the Japanese attack was a large new cemetery.

From Honolulu we had another night flight and arrived before dawn at Canton Island. This atoll is in the shape of a horse-shoe, enclosing a lagoon. The land can scarcely be a quarter of a mile wide anywhere, though it is some miles in length. Here we had breakfast and afterwards watched the sunrise silhouette the swaying palms and swiftly turn the sky from grey to pink.

Our next stop was at the Fiji island of Viti Levu, according to the aircraft's log some thirty hours later, but in fact only six, as we had crossed the International Date Line and lost a day! We had also crossed the Equator. Fiji was very hot and sticky. We spent our few hours on the island in taking a car once again. We visited a native village, beautifully clean and tidy, and were welcomed by its chief, who had coconuts produced for us. There was quite a crowd of native school-children sitting under a large tree with their teacher, and these were paraded for our benefit. When Boyd Neel took a photograph of them, they responded by clapping him vigorously. From this show village we went on to the nearest town, Lautoka, to see what that was like. It was rather what we had expected, ramshackle and dusty, and after an hour

of walking round we retired to the local hotel for a tea of bananas and beer.

We arrived at Sydney next morning. It took us fully a week to recover from the exertions of sight-seeing and the physical effect of so much flying. Our manager, D. D. O'Connor, who looked after us splendidly from start to finish, had found accommodation for us all at a hotel across the harbour from the city. We stayed over a month in Sydney, and the situation of the hotel, with a wonderful view of the harbour and bridge, and the pleasant journeys across on the ferry every day, contributed largely to make this period perhaps the most enjoyable of the whole tour, but we are still arguing about that.

We had to settle down to really hard work in Sydney. There was a tour repertoire of over fifty works to be got up, and only a week before our first concert, after which concerts were between three and six a week. In particular we had to make a good impression on Neville Cardus, that very exacting critic, whose authority on music is accepted all over Australasia. We were all definitely keyed up for our first concert, at which we played a programme that was repeated in all the principal places we visited: Handel's first Concerto Grosso, an early Mozart Divertimento, Britten's Variations on a theme of Frank Bridge, the Dvorák Serenade (and on this occasion three pieces by Delius also). Sydney Town Hall seemed filled to its capacity of over 2,000. The audience was most enthusiastic, but no more so than Neville Cardus, so we gave a sigh of relief.

We gave seventeen concerts in Sydney, and played them music light and serious, ancient and modern. It is a proof of the eagerness and receptivity of the audiences that they showed as great an interest in Schönberg, Britten and Shostakovich as in Bach, Handel and Mozart. We generally played without soloists, apart from our own Frederick Grinke and Max Gilbert, and the Concerto Grosso team of Grinke, Kathleen Sturdy and Peter Beavan, but in Sydney we discovered that we were to play Britten's "Les Illuminations" with a young Melbourne singer, Peggy Knibb. She turned out to be a soprano with great clarity of tone and diction, and a fine musicality of phrasing. After this she sang with us in all the main cities.

The Sydney people were extremely friendly and hospitable. Several societies and clubs entertained the whole orchestra and many families invited us to their homes. One day we were all taken in cars to the Blue Mountains, fifty miles away. The same sort of thing happened wherever we went.

From Sydney we went on to Melbourne, where we gave a similar, though shorter, series of concerts and were given a great welcome from the start. Then one day at the end of May we started off in a bus for our journey into the "outback," playing that night in Ballarat and the next in Bendigo—towns of gold-rush fame. Now that the gold is exhausted they have settled into pleasant little country towns with reminders of wealthier days in their architecture.

We felt that we really were seeing Australia on the journey from Bendigo to Griffith—a distance of over 250 miles. After the first 100 miles we left the hill country and the road would run straight for miles, then bend for no apparent reason, and then be straight again for many more miles. The only vegetation was scrub and occasionally a few gum trees, but the monotony of the colouring was relieved by gloriously brilliant parrots which inhabit the outback in large numbers.

Bumping along the dusty unmetalled roads (known in Australia as "corrugated") we were looking out for kangaroos and emus, quite hard to spot in their natural camouflage. Suddenly the driver caught sight of a kangaroo and the bus became a shrieking Rugby scrum as everyone dashed to the windows to see this animal, sitting sedately on its hind-legs and staring with some surprise at the queer object bumping along the road. After that we saw several and surprised one near the road which loped along at a good 40 miles an hour alongside us, eventually jumping easily over the high fence and disappearing into the bush. Then on to Griffith, in a district once semi-desert, but now irrigated and growing rice, peaches, apricots and grapes, and the centre of a flourishing wine industry.

From Griffith we went on to Wagga Wagga, and after the usual evening concert caught the 4.30 a.m. train for Melbourne. We had to change at Albury on to the crack Victorian train, "The Spirit of Progress," reaching Melbourne at noon. Then an afternoon rehearsal and an evening concert which included "Verklärte Nacht" of Schönberg!

A few days later we went on to Adelaide and Canberra by way of Broken Hill. The Broken Hill mining companies had been most importunate that we should play to them, and chartered a special plane to make this possible, so we were not surprised at the great ovation we received there. Adelaide seemed small and quiet compared with the crowded bustle of Sydney and the dignified activity of Melbourne; Canberra is a skeleton city, with few buildings as yet to fill its mighty ground plan. It is beautifully situated on a plain surrounded by mountains and may well be a fine city in a hundred years' time. From Canberra we returned to Sydney, having been nearly three months in Australia.

It was reluctantly that we said good-bye to Australia and our many new friends there, and got up at 3.30 a.m. on June 26th to take the flying boat to New Zealand. When we arrived in Auckland it was raining, and stayed raining most of the week. Here we had the pleasure of hearing the new National Orchestra under Eugene Goossens, on his way to Sydney to take up his new post there. The orchestra was amazingly good, considering that it had only recently been formed, and there is little doubt that it will continue to improve and will be a great impetus to New Zealand music in general.

In New Zealand we gave a series of concerts in Auckland, Wellington and Christchurch and single concerts in six other places. Owing to the smaller population we did not give so many

concerts as in Australia, but the response was excellent and the great majority of our concerts were played to packed houses. We met many old Collegians in both countries, about whom we are giving the Editor details as lack of space prevents us from giving their news here. But one must be mentioned—Douglas Lilburn, New Zealand's most important composer, whose "Diversions" we performed.

In Wellington, the capital city, a reception was given for us by the Prime Minister, Mr. Peter Fraser, at which a display of Maori dancing was given, and where we met many Wellington musicians. Besides this, the Governor-General, Sir Bernard Freyberg, honoured us by attending all our concerts. From here we went by boat to Christchurch.

After our first concerts there we had three free days—quite a rarity—before the next concert was due, so Dan O'Connor took us on a bus trip south through the fertile Canterbury plains into the mountains to the Southern Lakes. We spent a morning at Lake Wanaka, scrambling over the lower slopes of the mountains and crossed the lake in a motor-boat, later driving to Queenstown on Lake Wakatipu, the principal holiday resort in the lakes. This town is quite unworthy of its situation, being sordid and shabby—a collection of jerry-built cottages with corrugated iron roofs—in the midst of natural scenery unsurpassed by anything we saw on the tour. That evening was wet, so we amused ourselves by playing charades in the hotel lounge and by making apple-pie beds and booby traps—all against all!

From Queenstown we drove through a snowstorm to Invercargill in the extreme south, and then made our way back via Dunedin to milder weather at Christchurch again. Soon after this we returned to the North Island to visit some of the smaller towns. The first was Rotorua, a Maori centre and remarkable for its geysers and boiling mud pools. At Rotorua we attended a Maori welcome ceremony for Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, who was at this time touring New Zealand, and was holding a conference there with Mr. Fraser. The Prime Minister introduced some of us to "Monty," who regretted that he could not attend any of our concerts, and disclaimed any musical ability other than that of playing on a comb and paper! At Rotorua and later at Taupo we took the thermal baths, but far from getting any benefit from them, most of us got bad colds. After Taupo we played at Napier, an entirely new and well-planned town on Hawke Bay, the old Napier having been destroyed about 15 years ago in an earthquake.

After a few more concerts we returned to Auckland, and most of the orchestra began packing for the journey home. Some of us, however, decided to stay on for a short while; Max Gilbert did a short solo tour, and the Kathleen Sturdy Quartet, with Samuel Rosenheim and me (P. W.) in support, did a whirlwind chamber music tour, playing various quartets, the Schubert quintet and the two Brahms sextets at eight concerts in ten days. Even for this chamber music we had full houses and great enthusiasm was

shown. We were to have finished with a week's holiday, but unfortunately our ship "Waiwera" was ready to leave Auckland earlier than we had expected and the holiday had to be abandoned.

The journey home, five weeks by sea across the Pacific and through the Panama Canal, proved to be the holiday we needed, though we organised plenty of entertainment which kept us far from idle. The highlights were a fancy dress dance, at which the "Boyd Neel Sextet," as they called us, scored quite a hit as a circus, and the ship's concert, where we showed our fellow passengers that musicians don't always take life seriously. Two nights before we reached Liverpool we played them the Brahms B flat sextet—probably its first performance on the Atlantic!

Both Australia and New Zealand need more musicians. At present their standards of performance are in danger of remaining stationary, as the best performers of each generation go to Europe or America and stay there. The difficulty is that there is not enough solo work to make a living out of that alone, and a performer would have to eke out his existence by doing teaching and, where applicable, orchestral or chamber music—which many soloists are not willing to do. A good ready-made string quartet, on the other hand, would be able to establish itself quite profitably. Queensland now has its own State String Quartet, which travels all over the State playing to schools and adult audiences in many places where concerted instrumental music can never have been heard before. But this is the only full-time string quartet in Australasia, and the standard of performance by occasional string ensembles is in no way comparable to that in this country. More good players are needed in all the orchestras, but any player thinking of emigrating for this purpose should certainly get himself accepted by the Musicians' Union there before sailing.

Teachers, too, are needed: some for advanced string players, and a great many of all sorts who will be prepared to go into the smaller centres of population, and travel a fair amount. It will not be an easy life, but it will be interesting, and the climate—what we saw of it, at any rate—is delightful. One of our players has stayed behind in Australia, and—not surprisingly in a party of ten men and ten women, mostly single—two others have got married and stayed in New Zealand.

It must be pointed out here that, as everywhere else, there is a great housing shortage, so it is most essential to arrange for somewhere to live before going south.

The tour is over, and it can fairly be claimed that we did what the British Council sent us to do. We played a representative selection of string works, including many British ones, all over the continent, and in some seventy concerts gave pleasure, interest and stimulus to thousands of people, including many school-children. But our visit was even more important as a gesture of friendship from our country to theirs, and this was strengthened by the many personal friendships we made. The Ballet Rambert are in Australia now on a mission similar to ours and they will be followed

by the Old Vic company. We hope that some day we will go there again.

It would not be right to end without emphasizing the tremendous part played in the success of the tour by that old Collegian "Paddy" Palmer, our sub-leader and secretary, who really was mainly responsible for its initiation and organization, and of course by Boyd Neel himself, whose completely informal and friendly attitude was obviously appreciated by the Australians and New Zealanders as much as by the members of the orchestra themselves.

R.C.M. UNION

In pursuance of plans laid earlier in the year, the Autumn Term marked the birth of the new Students' Association as an integral part of the Union, and as a result we welcome a large influx of new members from among the present pupils. This is very satisfactory, but there is possibly a disadvantage in the new method of joining, i.e. the payment of their subscriptions with the College fees, for many of these new pupils may hardly realize that they have become members of the Union or what that entails. It is to be hoped that more of them will appear at Union functions in the future.

Part of the new plans already referred to has been the change over of the financial year—making it run from September 1st to August 31st in agreement with the College year, instead of from January to December.

All these changes, which on paper appear slight, have entailed a great deal of extra work in the Office, especially when combined with the revision of the Address List. We are much indebted to several kind helpers with this work, but as it must mainly be done at College in order to check up with records there, it can be seen that time is restricted and mistakes may easily have occurred. We therefore crave indulgence, if such is the case, and hope that nothing too serious has happened.

The change of dates has also resulted in shifting the General Meeting to the Autumn Term, as it always comes in the first term of the year, thus making the second to be held in 1947. On Friday, November 28th, we assembled in the Concert Hall and after very brief business, tea was served. Owing to the damage done by last year's severe frost it is still impossible to heat the Hall and, finding it uncomfortably chilly, a move was made to the Donaldson Room, where Dr. Thomas Wood's fascinating talk overcame all sense of physical discomfort!

His theme was "In the air over Burma," for having been sent during the war on a Government enquiry to Australia, he elected to fly over Burma on his return journey in order to widen his experiences, and very thrilling they were. He had a great deal of interest to relate, and his tale was woven of such gossamer threads that details quickly faded, leaving a sense of something most intangible but exceedingly delightful. In painting a picture of perilous moments of his life, culminating with this last and narrowest escape while flying over Burma, he described how, in face of such danger, his whole being was overwhelmed with a sense of equanimity to the exclusion of fear.

When he finished speaking it was as if we, too, came to earth very suddenly and were sorry.

PHYLLIS CAREY FOSTER, Hon. Sec.

R.C.M. STUDENT ACTIVITIES

This term marked the beginning of the Students' Association's second year, and the first year of the amalgamation of the Association with the Union. The leaving list had deprived us of the valuable help of Joan Potter, Ralph Schwiller and Gwen Powell. From the pioneers of the year before, only Noreen Spray, Mollie West, Sally Brooke-Pike and Sylvia Beamish were left to fill the posts of Chairman, Secretary, Socials and Minutes Secretaries respectively. The rest of the Committee were entirely new to their jobs.

The new Committee's first task, a rather sad one, was to cut down the number of papers supplied in the Common Room. The Treasurer, Rosamund Strode, said this was necessary in order to balance the budget, as the subscription for the year is no greater than that formerly paid by students for the upkeep of the Common Room alone for one term. Since this was done, the Director has very kindly given a sum of money towards covering the cost of the newspapers.

John Hoban, as Vice-Chairman and N.U.S. Secretary, has done much good work on behalf of ex-Servicemen. He is also endeavouring to start an amateur dramatic society, but this may prove difficult as the stage in the Parry Theatre, besides being expensive to use, is occupied by the Drama Class most of College hours.

A concert by the Association String Orchestra was given in the Concert Hall on Friday, December 5th. The programme consisted of the 4th Brandenburg Concerto conducted by John Coulling, with Roland Stanbridge solo violin, and Norman Mylchreest and John Murphy, flutes; Hindemith's "Music of Mourning" conducted by Timothy Moore, the Music Secretary, with Frank Hawkins solo viola; and Holst's "St. Paul's Suite," conducted by Geoffrey Wallis. Next term, it is hoped to make use of more wind players.

The Polyphonic Group, conducted by John Beckett and Timothy Moore, gave a concert on Wednesday, December 10th, in the Donaldson Museum, including choral works by Sweelinck, Gibbons, Bennet, John Beckett, Rubbra and Palestrina; Robert Moorsom, Marguerite Bashforth, Helen Graham, and Jennifer Thompson played Matthew Locke's 3rd String Quartet in F and Fantasies in 3 parts for strings, Nos. 7, 8 and 9, by Orlando Gibbons.

Earlier in the same day a concert of students' compositions was held. Hussein Mohamed played Stephen Dodgson's violin sonata; three songs by John Beckett were sung by June Wilson, and Timothy Moore played his own "Prelude and Fugue for Piano." Both these concerts were attended by two very distinguished old Collegians, E. J. Moeran and Dr. Gordon Jacob, whose interest we greatly appreciate.

The Choral Class, one of the fruits of the labours of last year's Committee, gave a performance of Bach's Motet "Jesu, priceless treasure," conducted by Dr. Harold Darke at the chamber concert on Wednesday, September 10th.

Timothy Moore gave a very interesting talk on Jazz on Wednesday, October 8th, with demonstrations on the black-board and gramophone, convincing many of his audience that New Orleans is at least as important for musical history as Vienna. On November 5th, the Director opened his talk on the History of the College with the information that his audience was sitting on what had been in 1851 an artificial lake. An amusing debate on the Hemline, proposed by John Murphy, opposed by Martin Locke, with Frank Hawkins (Talks Secretary) in the Chair, was held on November 12th. The house deplored the current fashion of long skirts. David Calk, of Willesden Art School, aired his views on "Contemporary Art and Tradition" on December 3rd. This talk was in exchange for a concert given by the Polyphonic Group on December 5th at Willesden. There was a disaster on November 26th, when no audience arrived for Captain Peter Eckersley's talk on "Radio as an International Medium." The Committee tender their sincerest apologies to Captain Eckersley for the inconvenience to which he was put, and trust that in future their fellow students will be a little more helpful. This talk would have been

the first given with the help of the United Nations Students' Association, which the Association joined at a General Meeting on October 29th.

The dance was held at Victoria Coach Station on Tuesday, December 9th. The premises, despite the disconcerting title, were among the best we have had for recent dances. The dance was a great success, not only as an evening's entertainment, but also from the financial point of view. The band, which was very ably organized by Handel Huckridge, was heard all over the hall even though the microphone broke down. Eric Shilling was a very energetic Master of Ceremonies.

Sincere thanks are due to Constance Baxter, Art Secretary, and her band of satellites, for producing posters at a most alarming rate at the shortest notice. On behalf of the Committee, the Chairman would like to thank Sir George, who has been most willing to listen to us and to give advice and help in the many ways in which he as Director and friend can.

FRANK HAWKINS.

THE ROYAL COLLEGIAN IN LONDON

Three of the four conductors in the Proms this year were Collegians: Sir Adrian Boult, Sir Malcolm Sargent, and the associate conductor, Stanford Robinson. Works by Collegians given first performances were Three Pictures by Eugene Goossens, Symphony by Hely Hutchinson, Concerto for Bassoon, Strings and Percussion by Gordon Jacobs, "Petito Suite" by Elizabeth Lutyens, and Festival Overture by Rubbra. Vaughan Williams's Fifth Symphony was played, and concertos by Bliss, Ireland, Moeran and Vaughan Williams. Choral works by Ireland and Vaughan Williams and other music by Britten, Holst, Lambert, Tippett and Vaughan Williams complete the substantial total of music by Collegians. Collegiate performers at the Proms also made an impressive list: Eric Harrison, Janet Howe, Phyllis Sellick, Leon Goossens, Kendall Taylor, Mary Jarred, Frederick Riddle, Paddy Jones, Cyril Smith, Frederick Thurston, Astra Desmond, Ambrose Gauntlett, Irene Kohler, George Thalben-Ball, Olive Groves, Louis Kentner, Marie Wilson, Henry Holst, Clifford Curzon, and Trofor Jones.

At the Wigmore Hall, recitals were given on October 2 by Muriel Dixon, on October 20 by Eileen Croxford, on November 21 by Henry Bronkhurst, and on November 10 by Eric Harrison. Ruth Dyson played a concerto there on October 24, and on October 15 there was a recital of compositions by Pamela Harrison. In his recital on October 10 Norman Greenwood played Introduction and Fugue for Piano by Rubbra, and in their recital on November 25 Joan and Valerie Trimble included a Sonata by Joan Trimble and gave the first performance of "Caribbean Dance" by Arthur Benjamin. Britten's Quartet No. 2 was played by the Blech Quartet on October 8.

At St. Bartholomew the Great works by Stanford, Rubbra and Britten were played on May 1, and Rubbra's Sonata for Cello and Piano on May 22. Kathleen Cooper took part in a concert there on May 8, and Pauline Juler on June 5. On June 19 Britten's 2nd Quartet and Vaughan Williams's "On Wenlock Edge" were performed, and on July 3 Elizabeth Lutyens's Five Intermezzi were performed. Vaughan Williams's Mass in A minor was sung on July 24 and his Five Mystical Songs on July 10. The Prelude and Fugue No. 2 by Britten, and the Variations for Piano by Maurice Jacobson were also played at these concerts.

At Southwark Cathedral, Frank Merrick gave recitals on June 4, 11, 18 and 25, Thomas Fielden on April 16, and the Ruth Dyson Clarinet Trio on May 21. Edgar Cook took part in a recital there on May 7, and with Joan Gray on July 23. Recent Collegians giving recitals there were Alan Loveday on July 2, and the Vivien Hind Quartet on July 9. Dr. Dykes Bower played organ solos at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on October 30, and took part in Christmas Music conducted by Dr. Lofthouse with the University of London Musical Society on December 4 in St. Paul's Cathedral. On November 13 Dr. Darke gave a concert with the St.

Michael's singers, and on October 23 Dr. Lloyd-Webber gave a recital at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street. Four recitals were given during the autumn by Arthur Alexander at Southwark Cathedral.

At the Albert Hall, Sir Malcolm Sargent conducted the R.P.O. on November 4. At the Town Hall, St. Pancras, Harry Blech conducted the London Symphonic Players on December 7, and at Chelsea Town Hall Norman del Mar conducted the Central London Orchestra on December 2.

Recitals were given by Joe Cooper at the Cowdray Hall on October 29, by Patricia Sutton Mattocks at York House, Twickenham, on October 1, and by Tessa Robbins at the College of St. Mark and St. John, Chelsea, on November 12. Also at this College the Tudor Singers conducted by Harry Stubbs gave a recital during the autumn. At the Central Hall, Westminster, William Primrose, Ernest Element and James Merrett took part in a series of six recitals.

Music by Collegians has included Francis Baines's Trio for Two Violas and Double Bass, and Max Ward's Sonata for Viola and Piano at meetings of the Committee for the Promotion of New Music, and a String Quartet by Anne Murray. Britten, Vaughan Williams and Holst have been represented at the Children's Concert at Westminster, and on November 1 in the Central Hall Britten's "Canticle in Memory of Dick Sheppard" was performed. Opera has included a performance of Holst's "At the Boar's Head," in which William Stevenson, Margaret Bissett and Vally Lasker took part, and productions at Covent Garden of Britten's "Rape of Lucretia" and "Albert Herring."

THE ROYAL COLLEGIAN ABROAD

(The Editor would be very glad to receive information for this column from Collegians wherever they may be. Material for the next number should be sent to the R.C.M. Union office not later than March 27th.)

Arthur Benjamin's first symphony was given its first performance in Sheffield on December 6 by the Hallé Orchestra under John Barbirolli.

Herrick Bunney conducted performances of "Messiah," "Elijah," and the B minor Mass in Edinburgh in January, March and May with the Edinburgh Royal Choral Union, local orchestra, and soloists including Isobel Baillie, Mary Jarred, Heddlie Nash, Harold Williams, Ceinwen Rowlands, Ruth Bowman, James Johnston, Owen Brannigan and Mona Benson. He gave a piano recital in January at Freemasons' Hall, and also two organ recitals at St. Giles' Cathedral in June, playing works by W. H. Harris and W. G. Alcock.

Norman Demuth's four-act opera, "Conte Venitien," has been accepted for performance by the Belgian National Radio and will be produced there in that form next season (1948-1949).

Alan Dickinson has recently given a series of illustrated lectures on "The Symphony" in Durham. In March he conducted the Durham Colleges Choral Society and Newcastle Bach Choir Orchestra in a programme which included parts of the B minor Mass in Durham Cathedral.

Ruth Fourmy gave violin recitals in October and November for Music Clubs at Walmer, Hoddesdon and Steyning. With the MacGibbon Quartet she has recently given performances of Moeran's quartet.

Audrey Piggott is now a member of the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra and also broadcasts regularly for the C.B.C. She has written to say that the first performance of Vaughan Williams's fifth symphony was given in Vancouver on November 2nd.

Dr. Thornton Lofthouse conducted a programme of carols at Reading University in December.

The Lemare String Orchestra, conducted by Iris Lemare, gave a concert for the Newark-on-Trent Music Club in November and also played at Ampleforth College.

The Rochester Music Club presented a programme arranged by Goldie Baker (Mrs. R. L. Honey) on November 1. in which she and Elsie Dudding were among the soloists.

The Tudor Singers, conducted by Harry Stubbs, gave recitals during October and November for the Music Clubs of Lancing College, Reading University and Tonbridge School, with works by Vaughan Williams, Holst, Rubbra, Howells and Jasper Rooper in their programmes.

Soloists with the City of Birmingham Orchestra during its autumn season of concerts have included Lance Dossor, Thelma Reiss, Kendall Taylor, Marie Wilson and Ruth Gipps.

The programme given at Trent College in June, conducted by F. Bellringer, included Stanford's "Three Cavalier Songs," with J. H. Frost as baritone soloist.

Gresham's School joined forces with Runton Hill for the annual Spring concert, conducted by Mr. Hales. Parts of Handel's "Acis and Galatea" were included in the programme, with Stella Green (Runton Hill) among the soloists.

Miss Christine Amor-Wright was appointed Music Mistress at Blackheath High School in September.

MISCELLANEOUS

Dr. Thornton Lofthouse has been awarded an Honorary Fellowship of the Royal Manchester College of Music.

The creation of an International Theatre Institute and an International Music Institute was recommended by the Programme and Budget Commission of Unesco's Second General Conference at its meeting in Mexico City. Such groups would facilitate the interchange of theatrical and musical works, the travel of personnel across frontiers and the promotion of understanding between peoples. The proposals will be submitted to the General Conference for final discussion.

In the course of the XIV Olympiad, London, 1948, an Art Competition according to section 4 of the Fundamental Principles of the Olympic Charter will take place for works of living artists in Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, Literature and Music. The following musical works will be eligible: (a) settings of words for one or more solo voices with or without accompaniment (songs, duets, part songs, etc.); (b) instrumental compositions for one or more solo instruments (solos, duets, chamber music, etc.); (c) instrumental or choral music or works for orchestra, choir and soloists combined (overtures, symphonies, oratorios, opera, etc.). The works should not exceed 45 minutes, except a choral work, for which 90 minutes is allowed, and they should be submitted before March 27th. Further details can be obtained from the Organizing Committee, XIV Olympiad, 1948, c/o Beck and Pollitzer, Bankside, London, S.E.1.

The British Snail-Watching Society (which had several Collegians among its members) has now been disbanded, having achieved its objective of making the world snail-conscious and publicizing the virtues of the snail: unhurried persistence and sturdy independence. About forty snail-watchers were present at the final meeting, but owing to the dry weather few living snails were available.

"KAY AND GERDA"

The Cygnet Company's Christmas season at Toynbee Hall this year gave children an opportunity of enjoying a version of Hans Andersen's "The Snow Queen," dramatized and produced by Angela Bull, assisted by Dorothea Webb and Madeline Vyner. This company was founded in order that children might be able to perform and enjoy a "play with music" within the scope of their ability, imagination and understanding in such a way as to delight children (of all ages) in the audience. That this aim was achieved was obvious from the reaction of the audience to the excel-

lent acting of the young cast and to the colourful and artistic presentation. The scenery by Joan Shearman was simple, well designed and painted, and achieved a touch of magic which was enhanced by Mr. Wolfensohn's beautiful lighting. The Cygnet Orchestra, conducted by Freda Dinn, played Lilian Harris's music with feeling and understanding. Perhaps the greatest tribute to those concerned in a delightful entertainment is the concluding remark of "The Times" Educational Supplement critic, who says that Hans Andersen, had he seen this performance of "Kay and Gerda," would immediately have recognised it as his own.

URSULA GALE.

MARRIAGES

KINGSALE—HOLMES. On June 4th, 1947, Lt.-Col. The Lord Kingsale, D.S.O., to Ruth Holmes.

KRAUSE—MARSHALL. One June 28th, 1947, at St. John's, Scarsdale Villas, W.8, Henry G. E. Krause to Sybilla E. Marshall.

HODGKINSON—LOVELL. On July 19th, 1947, at St. Mary's, Barnes, Alexander Hodgkinson to Joan Isabel Lovell.

BARUCH—STAMP. On July 31st, 1947, at Ilford Registry Office, Leonard Baruch to Olive Stamp.

BINSTED—RICHARDSON. On August 23rd, 1947, at St. George's, Hanover Square, Major Kenneth Clive Binsted to Muriel Eileen Richardson.

ISAACS—LEWIS. On September 11th, 1947, Dr. H. D. Isaacs to Ruth Lewis.

BIRTHS

SELICK SMITH. On November 12th, 1947, to Phyllis (née Sellick), wife of Cyril Smith, a son, Graham Sellick Smith.

MUNRO. On November 30th, 1947, to Jean (née McCartney), wife of Donald Munro, a son, Douglas John Reid.

OBITUARIES

MRS. STANLEY STUBBS

JANUARY 17, 1947

The death of Mrs. Stanley Stubbs (née Muriel Vaughan) is regretted by all who knew her at College. As a student Mrs. Stubbs studied the organ with the late Sir Walter Alcock and piano with Mr. Herbert Sharpe, and she was also a member of the R.C.M. Union. The sympathy of many generations of Collegians goes out to Mr. Stanley Stubbs in his bereavement.

IVOR JAMES.

EILEEN THURSTON

AUGUST 18, 1947

I can first remember Eileen King-Turner playing in the College orchestra. She came to R.C.M. in 1920 and studied the violin with Maurice Sons, her contemporaries being John Pennington, Peter Tas, Kenneth Skeeping, Marie Wilson, Lena Mason and Gwen Higham—an excellent team. On leaving College she played in "The Immortal Hour" at the Regent Theatre, and also in revivals of it later. In 1926 she married Frederick J. Thurston, and on the birth of her daughter Elizabeth she practically retired from professional life.

During the war, while the B.B.C. was billeted at Bedford, she was a very active member of the Bedford Symphony and Bedford String Orchestras, and I spent many happy hours playing on the same desk with her as an amateur violinist. She also did useful work as a prison visitor in H.M. Prison there.

Eileen was of a retiring nature, and it was only her very intimate friends who were privileged to know her fine qualities. She was a charming hostess, she had a keen sense of humour, and she was particularly fond of card games, especially bridge and poker.

Her death came as a profound shock to her very wide circle of friends. She now rests in the beautiful church grounds at Fairford, Gloucestershire, near the old mill which she loved so well, and where she spent her childhood. She leaves a husband and daughter to mourn her loss, and my wife and I cherish many happy memories of her kindness and friendship.

ERNEST HALL.

THE HON. NORAH DAWNAY

Lady Delia Peel writes:—

May another friend of Norah Dawnay follow Dame Emily. Norah's attainments, as a field botanist, a gardener, and an embroiderer, and her love of beauty, with her power to inspire, had perhaps greatest scope when she taught singing in the '20s and '30s. She helped and advised her pupils on everything under the sun: clothes, opera, matrimony, and never failed. At Queen Alexandra's House, when she was on the Committee; dull domesticities became amusing. In the mid-Northants Musical Festival, which she and another past student, Margaret Spencer, started in 1898, she had the magic touch, as when her contagious enthusiasm caused a friend (not musical) in the village to advertise for a gardener: "Bass voice required; knowledge of gardening preferred." Norah "played the game of life with abounding energy and zest," and the friendship and laughter which made so many of us happy will not be forgotten.

REVIEWS

HAYDN: A CREATIVE LIFE IN MUSIC. By Karl Geiringer. Illustrated. London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 21s. net.

Of all great classical composers Haydn has been worst served by posterity. Breitkopf and Härtel's projected complete edition of his works only reached the tenth volume out of the eighty required when the recent war put a stop to it that may be final. C. F. Pohl's biography of Haydn, of which the first two volumes were published in 1875 and 1882, while the third volume (compiled by Hugo Botstiber from Pohl's material) was issued in 1927, still remains the sole large-scale work on the subject. Few of the shorter lives of Haydn have risen above the rank of occasional pieces, though Cuthbert Hadden's book, revised by Eric Blom, contains a useful Calendar and List of Haydn's compositions. In these circumstances the new biography by Dr. Geiringer is doubly welcome, both for itself and because of the void it will fill. That it does not fill it completely is due not to its inclusions or conclusions, but to its exclusions, of which the absence of all musical illustrations and of a catalogue of Haydn's works are the most serious. But so far as it goes the book makes delightful reading. Dr. Geiringer has known his subject for long, and has been able to weave old and new facts into a graphic, easy-running narrative which—as his publishers quite truly say—"not only introduces new material but arranges it in such a way as to produce a picture of the unconventional and eternally young personality of the man who is so deceptively known as 'Papa Haydn.'" Dr. Geiringer's Haydn is a real human being, quite unlike the distressingly diligent little prig of children's stories or the doddering old worthy usually presented for adult edification. Over the oft-told tales of Haydn's unhappy marriage and of the strained relations between Haydn and his arrogant pupil Beethoven, Dr. Geiringer is studiously unbiassed, and this attitude of mind gives all the more weight to his final conclusion that "Haydn was not jealous of the younger generation. On the contrary, he got genuine satisfaction out of their achievements and missed no opportunity to encourage them."

Such little errors as have found their way into the biography are few and subsidiary. When Dr. Geiringer refers to the "hymn" by John

Jones which moved Haydn so intensely on hearing the Charity Children sing it in St. Paul's Cathedral, he meant, of course, the Double Chant by John Jones. And when he mentions that Forster published 82 of Haydn's symphonies he does not add that *two* Forsters, father and son, were responsible, and that in any case about 32 of the symphonies were probably merely sold, not published by this firm.

The second part of Dr. Geiringer's book is devoted to a study of Haydn's music considered more or less chronologically—in fact, a sort of mental biography of his hero's development. The scheme is bold but not so successful as the earlier part. As already said, a great handicap is the absence of any musical illustrations, and one which counts very heavily now that works by Haydn, in common with other composers, are often hard to buy, beg, or borrow. Also Dr. Geiringer has obviously been under the necessity of compressing his discussions of the different works. It thus becomes somewhat difficult to obtain a clear-cut impression of the main lines of Haydn's development, because the data are often, as it were, held in solution within the observations on individual works, while the single works themselves cannot be reconstructed very clearly in the minds of readers by letterpress alone. Yet how well Dr. Geiringer rouses our interest by such charming accounts as that he gives, for instance, of a string quartet: "The delicately veiled episode of the second subject in the allegretto of Op. 54, No. 1, introduces tender modulations of a hazy and elusive character. With the help of hardly noticeable chromatic progressions and enharmonic changes Haydn modulates from G major over C, B flat and E flat to D flat, and back to the initial key. We seem to be lifted by some magic in a fantastic flight through the air, eventually to be deposited at the spot from which we started."

In matters of historical fact, he sometimes gets on debateable ground, as in the assertion that Haydn used the second movement of his symphony "La Reine" for one of his *Lyra* Concertos. However, in the great controversy over the violoncello concerto in D major Dr. Geiringer comes out definitely on the side for Haydn's authorship, and cites the original autograph, dated 1788, which was owned by Dr. Julius Rietz and seen by Köchel. He also mentions that Haydn entered it in his own catalogue, made in 1805, but does not say that Anton Kraft's claim to have composed it rests on a statement made by Schilling in his *Lexikon* (1835-1838) which in turn rests on information presumed to have been furnished by Kraft's son, Kraft himself having died in 1820. Now the question comes down to this—which is the more reliable, Haydn's own entry in 1805 made four years before his death, or Schilling's statement made on second-hand information fifteen years after Kraft's death. It is quite possible, of course, that Kraft helped Haydn to invent the passage work in the concerto (much as Miss May Harrison and Miss Beatrice Harrison were responsible, at Delius's own request, for the final shape of the passages in the concerto for violin, violoncello and orchestra he composed for them), but that would not make Kraft the author of the concerto, and people who print in concert programmes his name as that of the composer are only further complicating and confusing the matter.

To look back on Dr. Geiringer's book after reading it from cover to cover is to feel that here is something which is of great interest to people who already know something of Haydn, and it is equally of warm interest and value to musicians and students who come fresh to the subject.

MARION SCOTT.

ALBERT ROUSSEL. A study by Norman Demuth. United Music Publishers, Ltd. 10s. 6d.

A book in English devoted to Albert Roussel is much overdue. Not only is Roussel one of the most eminent of recent French composers. He is a figure of particular interest to us in that he served for seven years in the French Navy, spoke English well and had a great love of English literature. So far he has something in common with Joseph Conrad, and he invites further comparison through the vigour and individuality of his style.

It is therefore a pleasure to welcome Mr. Demuth's study, with its systematic arrangement of material and its very valuable complete catalogue of the composer's works. The first four chapters are biographical and the following eight are devoted to the various categories of composition—symphonies, dramatic works, chamber music, etc. The final chapter is an appraisal of "The Man and the Composer."

The author is on the whole successful in maintaining a critical detachment in his estimate of the works. He does not fail to point out the faults of Roussel's weaker compositions, while works such as the piano concerto and the piano and violin sonatas, which are musically valuable but in virtue of their length or layout have not succeeded in gaining popularity, receive a just and well-balanced consideration. When it comes to the bestowal of whole-hearted approbation, the reader may sometimes feel that Mr. Demuth goes too far. For instance, the "Evocations" (for soli, mixed voices and orchestra, produced in 1912) "may no longer be the 'Music of Our Time,' but they are the music of all time in the course of music's history and unique in the general canon of music." Again, the opera-ballet "Padmāvati," based on events from Indian history, "is a great work, among the greatest in operatic history," and "reasoned history may well rate it of an importance on a level with Wagner"; but, as the work is "founded on genuine Hindu scales," it is impossible to accept Mr. Demuth's account without a certain sinking feeling—due to bitter experience of previous unhappy unions between Oriental and Western art—but which we sincerely hope a performance of "Padmāvati" in this country will firmly dispel. Finally, "as a symphonist he (Roussel) reigns supreme with Sibelius and Vaughan Williams." The comparison is here with d'Indy, Chausson and Franck. Too far-fetched? Time alone will show.

In the chapters on the piano music, the songs and the chamber music, the concert artist will find useful information on many interesting and outstanding works: the extended chamber works "Divertissement" and "Sérénade"; the string trio and string quartet; the piano suite, Op. 14, and "Trois pièces pour piano," Op. 49; the songs, very equal in merit, including "L'Heure du Retour," "which can rank with the best of Fauré." Among the large-scale works, praise is rightly given to the fine setting, to English words, of Psalm LXXX, which deserves the attention of our more ambitious choral societies.

The pleasure of the reader is, we regret to say, marred by certain infelicities in the use of English, together with some curious ambiguities of statement. These are particularly out of place in a study of a French composer, which should surely reflect in its style the care and attention French writers give to such matters. We earnestly hope they may be eliminated from subsequent editions of this otherwise valuable work.

DONALD PEART.

RAVEL. By Norman Demuth. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

It is now just ten years since the death of Ravel, and here already is a volume devoted to him in Mr. Eric Blom's popular Master Musicians series, a series dealing only with the most generally accepted names in music, from Palestrina onwards.

Is Ravel really and truly as important a figure as all that? Is his universally recognised position as one of the masters of modern music fully justified? Will posterity reverse the contemporary verdict and things like the now popular "Jeux d'eau" and "Daphnis et Chloé" lose their appeal and become works to be taken from the shelf at discreet intervals and performed with pious reverence on the third programme or a hundred years from now? These are some of the questions which this book sets out to answer, and Mr. Norman Demuth brings immense admiration and enthusiasm to the task. Unfortunately, admiration and enthusiasm, however hearty, are not enough. The ability to write clearly and without ambiguity of meaning is also necessary and in this respect Mr. Demuth too often fails us.

Here, for instance, is an example of the style in which much of the book is written:

"This free rhapsody design, with only an occasional break into continuity, is not without its fascination for the listener. It relieves him from following the course of the melodic lines, and the aural faculties are exercised only in bathing in the freedom of expression, finding them puzzling at times as to the exact symbolism of a section and its relation to its successors."

Whether this sort of thing adds to one's enjoyment or understanding of the slow movement of the string quartet is, as Max Beerbohm once wrote, a question on which I have already made up my mind.

On the other hand, in his formal analysis of many of the works, Mr. Demuth is often extremely arbitrary and anybody with an intimate knowledge of the chamber music would hotly challenge many of his statements.

To a lifelong and passionate admirer of Ravel's music the book is a disappointment, but for large sections of the public it will doubtless prove a valuable source of information, and stimulate those who think of him primarily as the composer of "Bolero" to a deeper appreciation of some of the most exquisitely wrought music ever written.

ANGUS MORRISON.

RAHOON. By E. J. Moeran. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d.

REST. By H. K. Andrews. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d.

Perhaps the fact that few of the best songs of to-day express joy is a commentary on days when joy was never more needed. These two songs, however, most beautifully express differing shades of the prevailing gloom.

"Rahoon" has all the fine workmanship that one expects from Mr. Moeran. The phrases of lament, written for contralto voice, paint the "black mould" of the poem by James Joyce, while the recurring rhythmic figure of the opening bars gives the sound of the "muttering rain."

"Rest" is painted in equally cold, but clearer, colours. It is well written for mezzo-soprano or baritone voice with a beautiful line and a fine sense of word values. The accompaniment has economy of treatment, and the beseeching figure of the opening bars frames the words of the poem by Christina Rossetti, "O earth, lie heavily upon her eyes."

Both are songs which would well repay study and which would grow in the mind.

ROSE MORSE.

TWO SONGS of A. E. Housman. No. 1: "March Past." No. 2: "The Stinging Nettle." Set to music by Humphrey Searle. John Williams, Ltd. 3s.

In contrast with the more intimate and personal sorrow of the songs reviewed above these two settings of words by A. E. Housman effectively stress a wider and more bitter pain. Their harmonies give the sense of harshness and aridity.

In the first song the rhythm of the drums calling "soldiers all to die" creeps into the accompaniment with dramatic effect. The figure on which the second is based turns memory to another song of frustration and despair, "Gretchen am Spinnrade."

Both are described as for medium voice, but the first is essentially a man's song.

ROSE MORSE.

THE LAKE IN THE MOUNTAINS. Pianoforte solo. By Vaughan Williams. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d.

LAZY SHEEP. Pianoforte solo. By Mantle Child. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d.

The first of these two pieces (dedicated to Phyllis Sellick) is a short, impressionistic pastorate with an English flavour, affording opportunity for

quiet cantabile playing with plenty of two against three which needs careful pedalling. Though pleasant, it is nevertheless a mere fragment of Vaughan Williams's genius.

The musical content of the second piece is slighter than that of the preceding one, and it is also easier to play. The old French melody on which the piece is based is played cantabile by the left hand while the right provides an accompaniment of consecutive fifths and fourths grouped off the beat.

MARGARET PLUMMER.

SPECIAL CONCERT

Thursday, October 16th

GOD SAVE THE KING

FANTASIE-VARIATIONS on a Swedish air *Hurlstone*
(1876-1906)

ARIA from *The Christmas Oratorio* ... "Slumber, beloved" ... *Bach*
JOAN GRAY

ARIA from *Lakmé* ... "The Bell Song" *Delibes*
VERA JOHNSON

SYMPHONIC-VARIATIONS for Piano and Orchestra ... *César Franck*
RAYMOND O'CONNELL

ARIA from *Lucia di Lammermoor*: "Regnava nel silenzio" ... *Donizetti*
ELSIE MORISON

PRESENTATION OF COLLEGE PRIZES AND MEDALS BY H.R.H. THE PRESIDENT

TWO MOVEMENTS from the *Suite de Ballet* *Holst*
(a) *Scene de nuit* (1874-1934)
(b) *Carnival*

Conductor: RICHARD AUSTIN

COLLEGE CONCERTS

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th (Recital)

LEILA ASHCROFT, A.R.C.M. (Scholar) (*Piano*)

PIANO SONATA in A major, Op. 101 *Beethoven*

PIANO SOLOS
(a) *Ballade in F major* *Chopin*
(b) *Reflets dans l'eau* *Debussy*
(c) *Toccata* *Poulenc*

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1st (Recital)

CHARLES MEINARDI, A.R.C.M. (*Violin*)

AND

CYRIL PREEDY (*Piano*)

SONATA for Violin and Piano in G major, Op. 96 *Beethoven*

ADAGIO and FUGA for Violin Solo (*from the Sonata No. 1 in G minor*) *Bach*

FANTASIA quasi Sonata for Piano (*Après une lecture du Dante*) *Liszt*

SONATA for Violin and Piano in E major, Op. 18 *Herbert Howells*

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8th (Chamber)

THREE Piano Sonatas

- (a) In B major Scarlatti
 (b) In E minor
 (c) In E major
 COLIN SMITH, A.R.C.M.

SUITE for Viola and Piano

MAXWELL WARD (Associated Board Scholar) Ernest Bloch
 CYRIL PREEDY, A.R.C.M.

SONG CYCLE, Frauen-Liebe und Leben

- (a) Seit ich ihn gesehen Schumann
 (b) Er, der Herrlichste von Allen
 (c) Ich kann's nicht fassen
 (d) Du Ring an meinem Finger
 (e) Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
 (f) Süßer Freund, du blickst
 (g) An meinem Herzen
 (h) Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz

BARBARA ROACH (Scholar)
 Accompanist: COLIN SMITH, A.R.C.M.

TERZETTO for Two Violins and Viola, Op. 74

ALAN LOVEDAY (Scholar) Dvorák
 HUGH BEAN (Scholar)
 MAXWELL WARD (Associated Board Scholar)

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15th (Chamber)

SONATA for Flute and Piano in F major

ANDREW SOLOMON (Exhibitioner) Liszt
 ROBERT WILSON, A.R.C.M. (L.C.C. Scholar)

FIVE Irish Folk Tunes for Cello and Piano

- (a) A Caoine Howard Ferguson
 (b) A Hushaby
 (c) The Green Bushes
 (d) Cradle Hymn
 (e) A Jig

ROSEMARY PFAENDLER, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)
 Accompanist: HELEN THOMPSON, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)

PRELUDE, Aria and Finale for Piano

MARGARET OLIVIER, A.R.C.M. (Scholar) César Franck

SONGS

- (a) Adieu
 (b) Dans les ruines d'une abbaye Fauré
 (c) D'une prison Hahn
 (d) Le colibri Chausson

STELLA HIGGINS
 Accompanist: ELSIE JACOBS, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)

PIANO SOLOS

- (a) Polonaise in A flat major Chopin
 (b) Ballade in G minor
 GREGORY WATTS, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner)

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21st (Second Orchestra)

OVERTURE

La Dame Blanche Boieldieu

CONCERTO No. 1 for Violin and Orchestra in G minor

Jacqueline Ward (Scholar) Bruch

SYMPHONY No. 99 in E flat major

Conductor: GEORGE STRATTON Haydn

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22nd (Chamber)

PIANO Sonata in A flat major, Op. 110

PHILLIP WILKINSON, A.R.C.M. (L.C.C. Scholar) Beethoven

"CHANSON PERPETUELLE" for voice, string quartet and piano

..... Chausson

JUNE WILSON (Scholar)

ROLAND STANBRIDGE (Scholar)

Jacqueline Ward (Scholar)

JOHN COULLING

ROSEMARY PFAENDLER, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)

HELEN THOMPSON, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)

VIOLIN SOLOS	(a) Légende	Debussy
	(b) Jamaican Rumba	Arthur Benjamin (arr. Primrose)
	(c) Idyl	Hugo Anson
	(d) Moto Perpetuo	Frank Bridge
	ROLAND STANBRIDGE (Scholar)	
	ROSEMARY PRAENDLER, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)	
STRING QUARTET in B flat major, K 458 (<i>The Hunt</i>)		Mozart
	TESSA ROBBINS (Scholar)	
	NANCY BROWN (Scholar)	
	BRIDGET HOWE (Scholar)	
	SYLVIA SOUTHCOMBE (Scholar)	

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29th (Chamber)

VIOLIN SONATA in G major, Op. 96 *Beethoven*
 TESSA ROBBINS (Scholar)
 PEGGY GRAY, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)

PIANO SONATA in E flat major, Op. 122 *Schubert*
 JEAN CURTIS (Exhibitioner)

STRING QUARTET in D major, Op. 64, No. 5 (*The Lark*) *Haydn*
 ROLAND STANBRIDGE (Scholar)
 JACQUELINE WARD (Scholar)
 JOHN COULLING
 ROSEMARY PFAENDLER, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5th (Chamber)

SONATA No. 4 for flute and piano in G minor (<i>La Lumagne</i>)	Blavet
MARGERY ELLIOTT, A.R.C.M.	
DAPHNE SANDERCOCK, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar)	
SONATINA for cello and piano	Arnold Bax
SYLVIA SOUTHCOME (Scholar)	
ELIZABETH BUCKINGHAM, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)	
PIANO SONATA in F minor, Op. 5	Brahms
MARY VALENTINE, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)	
SONATA for Violin and Piano in C minor, Op. 45	Grig
VIVIAN HOLDEN	
BARBARA HOLT, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)	

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12th (Chamber)

TRIO for Clarinet, Cello and Piano Vincent D'Indy
 GERVAISE DE PEYER, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)
 SYLVIA SOUTHCOMBE (Scholar)
 ELISABETH BUCKINGHAM, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)

PIANO SONATA in A minor, Op. 148 Schubert
 CONSTANCE ROBINSON

SONATA for Cello and Piano (arranged from the Violin Sonata by the composer) *César Franck*
 GWYNETH GEORGE, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)
 ELISABETH BUCKINGHAM, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19th (Chamber)

THREE PIANO SONATAS	(a) In A minor (b) In D minor (c) In C major	Scarlatti
	MARTIN LOCKE, A.R.C.M.	
SONGS	(a) Die Forelle (b) Auf dem Wasser zu singen (c) Romanze aus dem Schauspiel Rosamundo (d) Liebesbotschaft (e) Gretchen am Spinnrade	Shubert
	JUDITH CONRADIE (Scholar)	
	Accompanist: PEGGY GRAY, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)	
SONATA for Cello and Piano	MARY MITCHISON (Scholar) MARGARET OLIVIER, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)	Dohnányi

THREE POEMS of Walter de la Mare for Voice and Piano:

- | | |
|--|-----------------------------|
| (a) Here to-day and gone to-morrow ... | } John Beckitt
(Scholar) |
| (b) Will-o'-the-Wisp ... | |
| (c) Never ... | |

JUNE WILSON, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)

Accompanist: PEGGY GRAY, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)

SONATA for Clarinet and Piano in E flat major. Op. 120, No. 2 Brahms

BERNARD IZEN (Scholar)

AVRIL DANKWORTH A.R.C.M.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26th (Chamber)

STRING QUARTET in C major, K.465

EDNA ARTHUR, A.R.C.M. (Caird Scholar) Mozart

MARY ROSE BURNET

JACK McDUGGILL, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar)

JENNIFER THOMPSON, A.R.C.M.

FIVE Biblical Songs

(a) Hear my prayer Dvorak

(b) By the waters of Babylon

(c) Turn thee to me

(d) I will lift mine eyes

(e) Sing ye a joyful song

JEAN WOODS (Scholar)

Accompanist: VIVIAN HOLDEN

QUINTET for Clarinet and Strings, Op. 115

GERVASE DE PEYER, A.R.C.M. (Leverhulme Scholar) Brahms

EDNA ARTHUR, A.R.C.M. (Caird Scholar)

MALCOLM LATCHUM

BRIDGET HOWE (Scholar)

SYLVIA SOUTHCOMBE (Scholar)

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2nd (Second Orchestra)

OVERTURE

The Hebrides Mendelssohn

PIANO CONCERTO No. 1 in C major

MARGARET OLIVIER, A.R.C.M. (Scholar) Beethoven

SYMPHONY No. 35 in D major (Haydn)

Conductor: GEORGE STRATTON Mozart

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10th (Chamber)

PIANO QUARTET in G minor

PEGGY GRAY, A.R.C.M. (Scholar) Mozart

ROLAND STANBRIDGE (Scholar)

JOHN COLLING

ROSEMARY PLAENDLER, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)

SONATA for Two Violins and Piano in G minor

SALLY BROOKE-PIKE (L.C.C. Scholar) Handel

GLYNNE ADAMS (Associated Board Scholar)

RALPH WYLIE, A.R.C.M.

SONATA for Violin and Piano in A major

ROLAND STANBRIDGE (Scholar) Faure

DAVID PARKHOUSE, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)

MOTET

Jesu, priceless treasure Bach

CHORAL GROUP No. 1

Conductor: DR. HAROLD DARKE

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11th (First Orchestra)

OVERTURE

Ruy Blas Mendelssohn

CONCERTO for Viola and Orchestra

MAXWELL WARD (Associated Board Scholar) William Walton

SYMPHONY No. 3 in E minor (The New World)

Conductor: RICHARD AUSTIN Dvorak

Leader of the Orchestra: ROLAND STANBRIDGE

COUNTY COUNCIL JUNIOR EXHIBITIONERS

A concert was given by the County Council Junior Exhibitioners on Saturday, December 6, 1947, at 11.30 a.m. Piano solos were played by Dorothy Soul, Daphne Mihill, Daphne Banks, Kenneth Green, George Crudgington, Anne Theedam, Jean Cole, Lucille Foux, Joan Crawley, Pauline Pooley, Michael Neill, Pat Carroll, Pat Bishop and Mary Copple. Violin solos were played by Bernard Seagrove, Brian Hill, Shirley Sangwine, David Bullock and Anne Ashenhurst. Norman Kent played a viola solo and Eunice Marino a cello solo. Also taking part were the Senior and Junior Orchestras and the Senior Orchestra (conductor, F. Dinn).

DRAMA

A performance by pupils of the Dramatic Class was given in the Parry Theatre on Friday, November 21st, 1947, at 5.30 p.m.

"PEACE AND QUIET" (La Escondida Senda)

A comedy in two acts by THE BROTHERS QUINTERO

Translation by HELEN and HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER

Characters in order of appearance:

Dona Aniceta	ELIZABETH BOYD
Juliana	JEANE HIDDLEY
Don Laureano	WILLIAM STEVENSON
Don Manuel	BASIL YOUNGS
Vicenta	ELIDH McNAB
Ricardo	EREACH RILEY
Emilio	ANDREW DOWNIE
Postman	JOHN PROBYN
Acuña	TREVOR KENYON
Olimpia	MARION STUDBOLME
Maria Luz	SHIRLEY HALL
Rosita	GLADYS LEWIS
Benjamin	ALFRED HALLETT

At Don Laureano's country house in Valle Sereno, which is somewhere in the North of Spain.

Produced by JOYCE WODEMAN

"THE LOVER" (El Enamorado)

A comedy in one act by G. MARTINEZ SIERRA

Translation by J. GARRETT UNDERHILL

The Queen	UNA HALE
The Lady-in-Waiting	AMABEL BROCKLEHURST
The Lover	ERIC SHILLING

Produced by SUSAN RICHMOND

Stage Direction by JOHN CLEAR

Scenery painted by JOAN SHEARMAN

Music arranged and played by MARY VALENTINE

OPERA REPERTORY

A performance by the Opera School was given in the Parry Theatre on Wednesday, December 3rd, 1947, at 5.30 p.m.

LA BOHEME (Opening Scene, Act I)	Puccini
Rudolph, a poet	EREACH RILEY
Marcel, a painter	ERIC SHILLING
Colline, a philosopher	WILLIAM STEVENSON
Schaunard, a musician	JOHN PROBYN
Benoit, their landlord	BASIL YOUNGS

THE TALES OF HOFFMAN (Opening Scene, Act III)	...	Offenbach
Antonia	...	AMABEL BROCKLEHURST
Crespel, her father	...	TREVOR KENYON
Franz, Crespel's servant	...	BASIL YOUNGS
Hoffman	...	ANDREW DOWNIE

THE IMMORTAL HOUR (Act I, Scene II)	...	Rutland Boughton
Manus, a peasant	...	WILLIAM STEVENSON
Maive, his wife	...	UNA HALE
Etain, a princess of Faery	...	ELIZABETH BOYD
Eochaidh, King of Eire	...	ERIC SHILLING

Under the direction of CLIVE CAREY and RICHARD AUSTIN

Stage Manager: JOHN CLEAR

A.R.C.M. EXAMINATION

DECEMBER, 1947

The following are the names of the successful candidates:—

SECTION I. PIANOFORTE (Solo Performing)—

- *Baxter, Constance Winifred
- *Curtis, Jean Margaret
- Heller, Stanislaw

SECTION II. PIANOFORTE (Teaching)—

- *Atkin, Margaret
- *Badcock, Una
- *Boyd, David Tod
- *Grimsey, Lenore Margaret
- Smith, Isabel Patricia
- Snodgrass, Susan Mary
- *Swinbanks, James Fortune

SECTION VI. STRINGED INSTRUMENTS (Teaching)—

Violin

- Ferdinand, Douglas Alfred
- Moorsom, Robert Coverdale
- Stoutzker, Isaac

SECTION VIII. WIND INSTRUMENTS (Solo Performing)—

Trumpet—

- Jones, Philip Mark

SECTION IX. SINGING (Solo Performing)—

- Roach, Barbara

SECTION XI. THEORY OF MUSIC—

- Addison, John Mervyn

* Pass in Optional Harmony.

PRIZES

The Colles Memorial Prize for an essay on "Are there any revolutions in Musical History?" has been awarded this year to Alexander Faris. Barbara Kellett and Diana VcVeagh were commended.

The How Prizes for composition (1947) have been awarded to J. S. Beckett (first) and R. S. Wylie (second) for works for voice and string quartet.

LIST OF NEW PUPILS ADMITTED TO COLLEGE

NEW STUDENTS—EASTER TERM, 1948

Andrews, L. A., New Zealand	Horovitz, J., London
Bartlett, Patricia, Australia	Hutchinson, Catherine C., Mansfield
Bernard, J. M., London	Jackson, Daphne, Swanage
Booker, Kathleen M., Sheffield	Jayasinghe-Peris, C. Malinee, Ceylon
Brickley, Joan H., Glamorgan	Kingsley, P., Sheffield
Burchatt, Elizabeth, London	Lebon, C. T., St. Albans
Chown, A. E., Northampton	Millie, K. G., London
Clark, Anne L., East Lothian	Radwanska, Irene K., Godalming
Cobb, Margaret E., London	Rajna, T., Hungary
Connah, J. T., St. Helens	Roberts, H. C., Banstead
Cooke, J. W., Barnstaple	Scarce, R. N., Scarborough
Edge-Partington, J. P. S., Lingfield	Scott, R. E., Lancing
Element, P., Croxley Green	Stantiall, Rita C., Hampton
Elias, S., Cairo	Vogel, Margalit, Palestine
Firth, J. McL., Liverpool	Wetherell, D., Carlisle
Hales, Doris M., Nottingham	Wilson, Mary F., St. Austell
Holland, Mary A., Sawbridgeworth	Wingham, J. H., Boreham

RE-ENTRIES—EASTER TERM, 1948

Chew, R. H., Skipton	Helps, D. I., Stockport
Ewart, W., Billingshurst	Monger, E. A., Orpington

PROVISIONAL CONCERT FIXTURES

EASTER TERM, 1948

It is hoped to keep to the following scheme, although it may be necessary to alter or cancel any Concert *even without notice*.

First Week

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 7, at 5.30 p.m.
 Recital of Cello Sonatas and Songs
 Gwyneth George, Elisabeth
 Buckingham; Elsie Morison

Second Week

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 14, at 5.30 p.m.
 Recital of Organ works and Songs
 D. E. Vaughan & Eric Shilling

Third Week

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 21, at 5.30 p.m.
 Chamber Concert

Fourth Week

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 28, at 5.30 p.m.
 Chamber Concert

Fifth Week

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 4, at 5.30 p.m.
 Chamber Concert
 *THURSDAY, FEB. 5, at 5.30 p.m.
 First Orchestra

Sixth Week

TUESDAY, FEB. 10, at 5.30 p.m.
 Second Orchestra
 WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11, at 5.30 p.m.
 Chamber Concert

Seventh Week

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 18, at 5.30 p.m.
 Chamber Concert
 THURSDAY, FEB. 19, at 2 p.m.
 Concerto Trials

Eighth Week

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25, at 5.30 p.m.
 Chamber Concert
 FRIDAY, FEB. 27, at 5.30 p.m.
 Informal Drama

Ninth Week

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 3, at 5.30 p.m.
 Chamber Concert
 FRIDAY, MAR. 5, at 2.30 p.m.
 Informal Drama

Tenth Week

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 10, at 5.30 p.m.
 Chamber Concert

Eleventh Week

TUESDAY, MAR. 16, at 5.30 p.m.
 Second Orchestra
 WEDNESDAY, MAR. 17, at 5.30 p.m.
 Chamber Concert
 FRIDAY, MAR. 19, at 5.30 p.m.
 Opera Repertory

Twelfth Week

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 24, at 5.30 p.m.
 Chamber Concert
 *THURSDAY, MAR. 25, at 5.30 p.m.
 First Orchestra

* Tickets are required for these Concerts.

H. V. ANSON, *Registrar*.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC UNION

FOUNDED 1906

President: SIR GEORGE DYSON.

Hon. Secretary: Miss PHYLLIS CAREY FOSTER.

Hon. Treasurer: MR. HARRY STUBBS.

Assistant Hon. Secretary: MRS. MORTIMER HARRIS.

Assistant Hon. Treasurer: MR. CECIL BELCHER.

Editor of R.C.M. Magazine: MISS JOAN CHISSELL.

Hon. Secretary, R.C.M. Magazine: MRS. MORTIMER HARRIS.

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, R.C.M. Union Loan Fund:

MISS URSULA GALE.

Hon. Auditor: DR. F. G. SHINN.

The Society consists of past and present pupils, the Officers of the College, and others invited by the Committee to become Members. Its principal object is to strengthen the bond between present and former pupils of the College. Its activities include an Annual "At Home" at the College in the summer, an Annual General Meeting in the Autumn Term, occasional meetings at Members' houses, and other social fixtures.

The Subscription for present pupils of the College is 7s. 6d. per annum. All past pupils and others pay 10s. 6d. per annum, except Members residing outside the British Isles, who pay 5s. The financial year commences on September 1st.

The Union Office (Room 45) is open for business and enquiries on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

The R.C.M. Magazine (issued once a term) and the List of Members' Names and Addresses (issued periodically) are included in the annual subscription to the Union.

A Loan Fund exists in connection with the Union, for which only Members are eligible as applicants.

THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

FOUNDED 1904

A Journal for past and present students and friends of the Royal College of Music and official organ of the R.C.M. Union.

"The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life."

COMMITTEE:—

Editor: Miss Joan Chissell.

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. Mortimer Harris.

Mr. Graham Carritt.	Mrs. H. Stansfeld Prior.
The Lady Cynthia Colville.	Miss Marion Scott.
Miss Phyllis Carey Foster.	Miss Monica Sinclair.
Dr. Herbert Howells.	Mr. Harry Stubbs.
Mr. Frank Howes.	Miss Richenda Vale.
Miss Diana McVeagh.	

The R.C.M. Magazine, issued once a term, is included in the annual subscription for membership of the Union. Subscribers to the Magazine alone pay 5s. a year, post free; single copies, 1s. 6d. each.

